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DECEMBER 2, 1969

THE JEWISH MYSTIQUE
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NATIONAL REVIEW

The Campus And The Law

Ernest van den Haag

Teaching The Art Of History

Bert Lippman

Travels With Melrose

James Burnham

Special Book Issue:

Will Herberg on Ernest van den Haag
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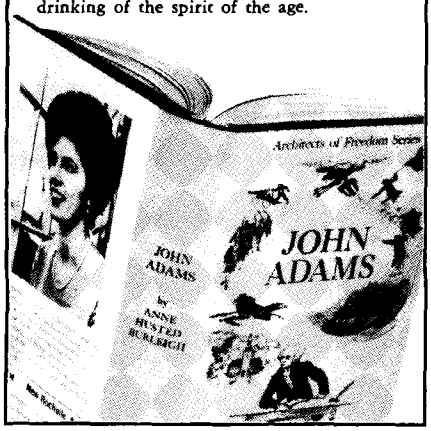

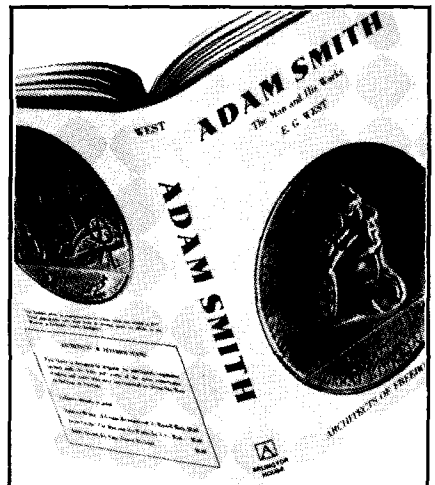

ADAM SMITH

The Man and His Works

by E. G. West ▪ 211 pages ▪ Name Index
Subject Index ▪ Notes ▪ Bibliography

The Wealth of Nations rests secure in history as one of Man's greatest works — great in its understanding of human action, great in its impact on the world. Yet its author, Adam Smith, remained an obscure Scottish professor — hardly more than a name to most of us.

Smith wanted it that way. He was a man of little vanity. But now a ranking British economist and biographer, Dr. E. G. West, has marshaled the story of this genius: the man, his works, the world he lived in.

We follow young Smith as a student. Smith hated Oxford, and his experiences there shaped his provocative views on education. We watch his thought develop as Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, enjoy with him the hospitality of David Hume, the Parisian literary salons, Johnson, Gibbon and other giants of the era (including Edmund Burke who praised Smith's literary style as "rather painting than writing").

West gives us a masterful summary of *The Wealth Of Nations*.

Equally valuable, West restores to eminence an earlier work of Smith's, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*. West takes particular delight in using *Moral Sentiments* to rebut Karl Marx's assumptions about *laissez-faire* capitalism. "Marxists and others who link Smith's philosophy with some crude law of the jungle where only the 'fittest' survive are . . . sadly out of touch."

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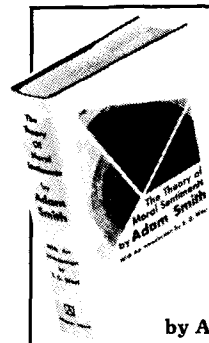

THE THEORY OF MORAL SENTIMENTS

by Adam Smith

576 pages

Introduction by E. G. West

In *The Wealth of Nations* Adam Smith deals primarily with the strong motives; in this book he deals with the higher ones. What is it that prompts ordinary persons to be benevolent as well as self-interested? To be virtuous as well as mundane? To be humane as well as human?

The Theory of Moral Sentiments was greeted with rapturous praise in its own day as "one of the most beautiful fabrics of moral theory that has perhaps ever appeared." Today professional economists tend to see Smith's vision of economic balance in terms of a *scientific* equilibrium. Modern social scientists would describe Smithian interrelationships "as spontaneous or self-determining orderings. Indeed, biologists are now recognizing that Smith was an early user of the idea of cybernetics."

Similarly, E. G. West writes, "twentieth-century welfare economic concepts such as 'consumption interdependence' and 'demonstration effects' seem to have a distinct Smithian ancestry, and the same is true of much of Veblen's sociology."

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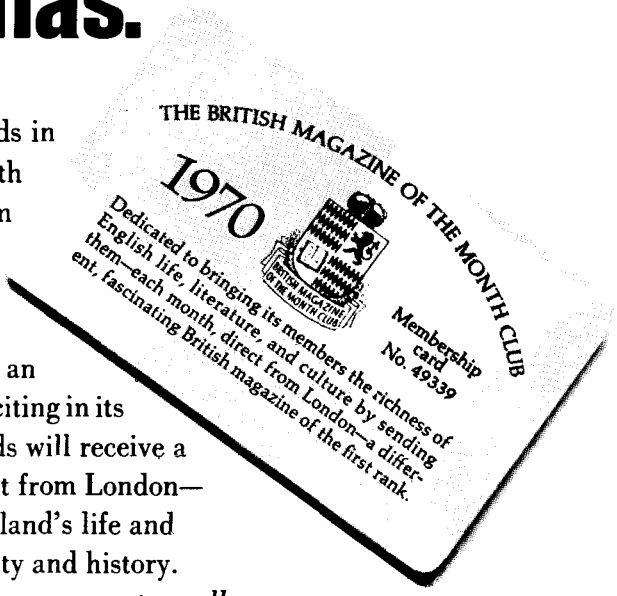
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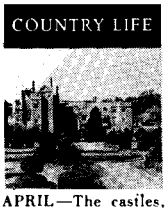

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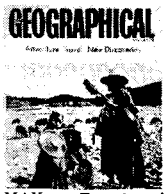

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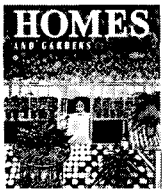

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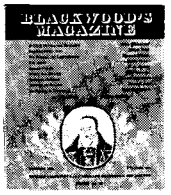

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Hard on the families: **David Dellinger** of the New Mobilization Committee (and the Chicago Eight) made dramatic promise last month: on Nov. 15 he would publish a Hanoi-issued list of American POWs in North Vietnam. The fifteenth came and went: State Department has had to tell hundreds of agonized friends and relations of missing soldiers who called in after waiting in vain for announcement that it doesn't have the list. No explanation from Dellinger & Co. . . . Fancy that: on Friday, Nov. 14, a bunch of **SDS-Weathermen** went to Moratorium Hq. in Washington with following proposition: If you give us $20,000, we won't tear up the town. Mobe leaders (more courageous than many college administrators) turned down the deal as blackmail. (That was the night many windows went boom in downtown Washington.) . . . Among the observers at M-Day, former Secretary of State **Dean Acheson**, wearing a red-white-and-blue armband. . . . Biggest blasts in Washington demonstration directed at **Spiro Agnew:** "Spiro Agnew is an Edsel." "Free Kim" (his daughter who was forbidden to wear a black armband). And finally: "Spiro Agnew Eats Grapes." . . . *Daily World* reports that Brig. Gen. **S. L. A. Marshall** has been fired from his job as three-time-a-week news commentator for Channel 4 in Detroit as a result of critical commentary on the Oct. 15 Moratorium. (Calling Spiro Agnew!)

■ If only **Arthur Goldberg** would make up his mind: Does he want to run for governor? A Quayle poll finds he leads **Rockefeller** now 58 to 33 per cent: for the Senate? It's Goldberg over **Charles Goodell,** 68 to 27 per cent. But until he decides, **Stephen Smith, Ted Sorensen, Paul O'Dwyer, Howard Samuels, Jonathan Bingham, Robert Wagner, FDR Jr., John Marchi** and a host of others won't know which way to jump. . . . In Florida, Sen. **Spessard Holland** (D.) announces he won't run again (health), Rep. **William Cramer** (R.) is happy about prospect of running for Senate. Florida now has Republican governor and senator, has gone GOP four out of last five Presidential elections.

■ Backlash: Some Hill insiders wonder whether super-dooper pressure unions have put on various senators in the **Haynsworth** vote mightn't boomerang. There's already considerable pressure for reform of labor law, particularly on question of limiting power of National Labor Relations Board. Supreme Court is taking a case involving the NLRB.

Audley, *Daily Telegraph* Ben Roth Agency

"It's not the fares, it's the destinations that need stabilizing."

. . . One Washington rumor: that **Clark Mollenhoff**, now a White House aide, could be appointed to succeed **J. Edgar Hoover** if Hoover decides to resign on his 75th birthday.

■ On Spiro Agnew: **Goldwater** likes his style, but warns "if he keeps talking he may be drafted as a Presidential candidate before his time," i.e., in 1972. . . . **Samuel Stratton** (D., N.Y.), hardly a conservative (he has a COPE rating of 84, ACA 21), liked the TV speech, says "Agnew raised a subject that long, desperately needs to be brought out into the open." **Pierre Salinger** (wasn't he White House press secretary when the government was muzzling the military?) appalled at Agnew: "It is one of the most dangerous speeches ever given by a high public official." . . . **Tim Wheeler**, Washington correspondent of Communist *Daily World*, calls Agnew Nixon's "propaganda minister."

■ Back in the news: **Ralph Schoenman**, who ran the LBJ war criminal trial in Stockholm for **Bertrand Russell** a couple of years ago, has been fired from the Russell Foundation. His influence over Russell has been on wane since British authorities refused to let him back into country in 1968. . . . **Anna Louise Strong**, 84, Chinese Communist propagandist, may be en route back to this country. She wants to publish her autobiography in the U.S. . . . **Juan Bosch**, former far left president of the Dominican Republic, now in Hanoi, is quoted by Radio Pyongyang as praising North Korean strong man, and torturer, **Kim Il Sung** as an "iron-willed, brilliant commander." . . . Fellow traveling **Linus Pauling** announces all families should be limited to two children, presumably not retroactively—he has five.

■ So much for ideological purity: **Jaromir Erbek**, the new, tough Czech minister of education, sent out questionnaire on political reliability to all persons employed by schools and colleges. When he got one copy back, with four-letter word slashed across it, he ordered the culprit—the building janitor—fired. He has since had to hire him back—at a hefty raise. They can't find anyone else willing to stoke the fires.

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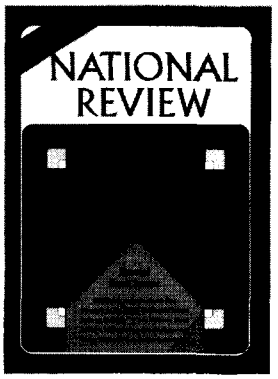
IN THIS ISSUE

■ High school students should study history because, well, like it helps them understand the times in which they live, makes them informed citizens capable of deciding wisely—you know, that sort of thing. All very well, says **Bert Lippman**, but things aren't going as planned. Today's high school graduate doesn't understand his times, isn't conspicuously wise and what he knows about history you could put on the head of a pin. Mr. Lippman, now on the faculty of Queens College, taught high school for sixteen years. He proposes new, un-pinheaded approaches to the teaching of history. . . . **James Burnham**, just back from six weeks touring the continent (*our* continent), offers a sheaf of observations on the Appalachia that isn't, the democracy of the restaurant, the new nomads and more. . . . Mr. Burnham also resumes his column "The Third World War" in this issue and asks why it is that whenever we engage in disarmament talks with the Soviet Union it is always the United States that is expected to make the concessions. . . . **Ernest van den Haag** proposes a ready and easy way to deal with campus disrupters, one that forces college administrators to defend the institutions they *run*.



■ Among the columnists: **Frank S. Meyer** puts the Agnew flap in its proper perspective. The Vice President's only sin is that he tells it like it is—and libdom finds that intolerable. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** ponders That Speech of Agnew's and proffers smelling salts to the TV oligopolists, considers the Bobby Seale case, and predicts a migration of Southern whites to the de facto segregated North, in the wake of the Burger Court's first big decision. . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** suggests holiday goodies, and announces a contest for you to enter.

■ It's our Fall Book Issue, for which we roll out the big guns. **Will Herberg** finds *The Jewish Mystique*, by Ernest van den Haag, to be a rarity among books on the Jews: neither vicious nor cloying. . . . The new John Fowles is remarkable, says **Guy Davenport**. At last, a Victorian novel for our time. . . . **M. Stanton Evans** reviews Ted Sorensen's *The Kennedy Legacy*. Lamentable legacy, lamentable book. . . . From England, New Right novelist **John Braine** sends thoughts on the only good novel ever written by a literary critic: Lionel Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey*. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** is pleased that Malcolm Muggeridge has found Jesus without losing his wit. . . . **George Fielding Eliot,** who followed World War II for the old *Herald-Tribune*, discusses a history of America's role in the War that manages to do justice to its enormous subject.

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LETTERS

Bomb Hanoi?

Concerning your editorial "Vietnam: The Political Crunch" [*NR*, Nov. 4]. Commendably, you defend the United States decision to at least stand in Vietnam. But, at the same time, you propose an actualization fraught with blunder. Your concern for what is right in America's will grinds to a halt when the enemy comes into view. After strapping yourself into the seat of an F-4 or B-52, you throw the switch marked "solution" and obliteration bombing flashes on your scope. Something is wrong with your moral computer.

Human beings, in a slaver's heaven called North Vietnam, become the Communists' only weapons, and because Ho's family considers them thus, we in our turn look upon them as "sometimes the sole" military resource, proper targets for obliteration bombing. I am sure that Jeremy Bentham would celebrate the underlying logic if not the actual result.

"Lousy little slant-eyed monkey" flicks, circa 1943, conditioned the public for an "anything goes" fire and atomic bombing program against civilians, nothing but organized savagery under the name expediency.

"*Any* act of war aimed indiscriminately at the destruction of entire cities or of extensive areas along with their population is a crime against God and man himself" —Vatican II.

Oxon Hill, Md. JAMES J. O'NEIL

Who's Gullible?

I feel I must correct Mr. Waugh's observations regarding the "congenital gullibility" of the ordinary American student ["Travelers' Tales," Nov. 18].

What Mr. Waugh, and perhaps the Episcopalian minister he mentions, mistakes as a trusting quality, both endearing and disquieting, in the American student is actually nothing more than a limitless capacity for tolerance toward the cuckoos in their world.

May I suggest the next time Mr. Waugh is inclined to give his gullibility test, instead of tall tales about Scotsmen dunking their paws in the porridge, he attempt to exchange, with an ordinary "clean-living, church-going" student, a crisp British £1 note for $2.39 American.

Earlton, N.Y. C. H. WESSELL

Hidden Handmaidens

While not denying that government is partially responsible for inflation [*NR*, Nov. 4], I hasten to point out an incorrect assumption which suggests your whole argument is tenuous at best. Nearly

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all business does *not* operate in a highly competitive market in the classic sense. Most American industries are oligopolistic, and many of those which are not are characterized by inelastic demand for their products. Competition today is for the most part price-exclusive, that is, *ferius competi* through advertising, gimmicks, service after the sale etc. Foreign competition is price competition.

As a result there exists informal (I hope) collusion between the monopolistic union and management. Unions make wage demands in excess of productivity, knowing that the oligopolistic firm has sufficient control over the price of its products to pass the added cost on to the consumer. Management accedes rather than risk a shutdown and loss of markets. Inflation results because wage increases are not commensurate with productivity increases.

The answer: Price and wage controls or foreign competition; the first politically sticky and the second already a reality, witness our trade balance.

San Diego, Cal. J. BRUCE MCNEILL

Confusion Compounded

I am confused about the article, "Dissent At Yale—Three Questions. . ." by Eugene V. Rostow [*NR*, Nov. 4]. Each time I read the article (three times, at last count), I have to keep reminding myself that it is from the pen of Mr. Rostow. Therein lies the confusion. Are you *sure* that Eugene V. Rostow wrote that article? 'Fess-up, now. Didn't WFB really write that and credit Rostow with it? (It really would be a credit.) I realize that the style is not what one normally expects from Mr. Buckley, but then I wouldn't be surprised if he were to write in the style of, say, Norman Mailer, should the need arise. He could do it. The point is, that article just doesn't *sound* like something from Eugene V. Rostow, brother of Walt Whitman Rostow . . . it *sounds* like WFB. Maybe *this* Eugene V. Rostow isn't *the* Eugene V. Rostow. Straighten me out, would you please?

St. Petersburg, Fla. HAROLD E. HATFIELD

Eugene V. Rostow—the real *Eugene V. Rostow—wrote it. You don't need us, you need a chiropractor.* —ED.

Firecracker or H-Bomb?

The editorial "The Population Firecracker" in the Oct. 7 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW attempts to deny the existence of a population problem in the United States and to minimize the population problems in other countries. I found the method by which this was attempted to be of considerable interest.

First, your writer engages in a general mudslinging spree at any and all who would dare express their concern on this issue. Let me illustrate by a few excerpts from the article: "These campaigns, of course, are sponsored by the usual self-

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bamboozled and beleaguered Righteous. . . ." ". . . despite their scientific trappings and rationalistic flavor, the kook is always near at hand. . . ." ". . . as some character out of *Brave New World* wanders into the picture. . ."

Your writer then proceeds to attempt to develop the position that the United States has no population problem whatsoever. Let us examine the arguments:

1) *That U.S. population growth of 1 per cent per year is low.* Consider the words of President Nixon in his message to Congress on population growth of July 21, 1969: "The present growth rate of about 1 per cent per year is still significant, however. Moreover, current statistics indicate that the fertility rate may be approaching the end of its recent decline. . . . And it now appears that we will have to provide for a third hundred million Americans in a period of just thirty years. . . . If we were to accommodate the full hundred million persons in new communities, we would have to build a new city of 250,000 persons each month from now until the end of the century. That means constructing a city the size of Tulsa, Dayton or Jersey City every thirty days for over thirty years."

2) *That "In the U.S. people live on about 1 per cent of the land."* Are we to conclude from this that the other 99 per cent of the country is a vast wilderness save for Indians and wolves lurking behind trees? This absurd misstatement of fact does not deserve further comment.

3) *That the issue of mass starvation in the U.S. has been raised.* We certainly will be a party to any mass starvation problems which may develop abroad due to overpopulation inasmuch as we are one of a handful of food-exporting nations and, further, our current food surplus is around one-half of the surplus of all food-exporting nations combined. As regards our country then, it is reasonably clear that we may find ourselves in a position in which we determine which countries come out relatively unscathed by a future mass starvation.

A further implication of the article was that the other developed countries have no population problems and that indeed "In Sweden, Norway, Japan, England and France . . . the population is stable." According to the Population Reference Bureau, the population is increasing in all the countries mentioned and will double at current rates in the following number of years (in the same order): 88, 88, 63, 117, and 70. Further, according to the 1969 World Population Data Sheet of the Population Reference Bureau, there is not a single country in the world in which the population is not increasing, and the population of the entire world is now doubling every 37 years.

May I suggest to the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW that the size of the earth is not doubling every 37 years or anything close to it. Further, that the world is not always the way your editors would like it to be.

Finally, may I leave you with a quote from Adolph Schmidt, Vice President of T. Mellon and Sons: "Between 15 and 20 per cent of all tax revenues must be spent simply to provide the basic services needed by the two to three million new American citizens born each year. This means two things: dangerously higher taxes and bigger government. It is an inescapable trend if current conditions of growth continue. In the not too distant future, we are faced with the likelihood that we will have to devote all the physical growth of our economy just to the task of standing still."

Kensington, Md. JOHN G. VINER

Defender of the Faith

The article "The Pope as Hamlet" by John H. Knox in your October 21 issue was excellent. The key thought is "The Pope is trying hard to make the Church more acceptable to the non-Catholic world and is willing to eliminate or tone down anything in Catholic doctrine or practice that repels or irritates that world." The greatest objection that our Christian religions have had to Catholicism is the infallibility and the authority of the Pope himself. He is forced to abrogate his own authority in the mistaken attempt to make the Papacy, and thus the Catholic Church, acceptable to the non-Catholic Christian religions. It is an exercise of contradiction since the Vicar of Christ must not only reaffirm Catholic doctrine and practices, but must defend them against all attackers.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, since it is the chief expression of Catholic doctrine and practice, is being sacrificed to this same policy. First, the elimination of Latin, and then subsequent changes which are attempting to tone down Catholic doctrine without sacrificing the essential feature, namely, trans-substantiation. The attack has already begun against this essential feature. The liberals within the Church are taking full advantage of the Pope's contradictory policy and without the proper use of authority from the Chief Shepherd, they have also become impotent. The Church itself thus stands in contradiction to its own doctrines and traditional practices and its enemies from both without and within are effectively pushing it closer to the precipice.

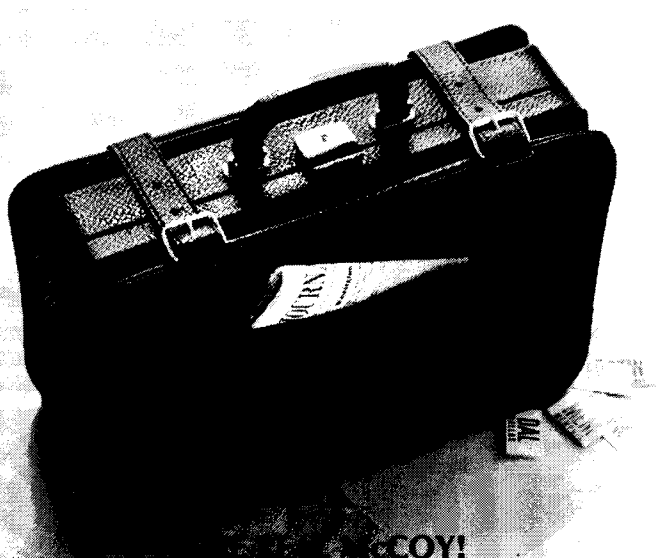
New York, N.Y. JOHN A. MCMANEMIN

Corrections and Such

I was distressed to read in the November 4 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW the incredible statement that I "ran against Ev Dirksen in the 1960 primary" for U.S. Senator in Illinois.

I did run for U.S. Senator in the pri-

(Continues on page 1233)



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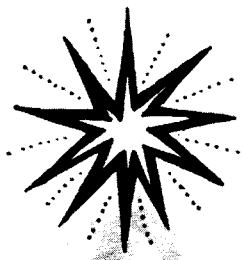

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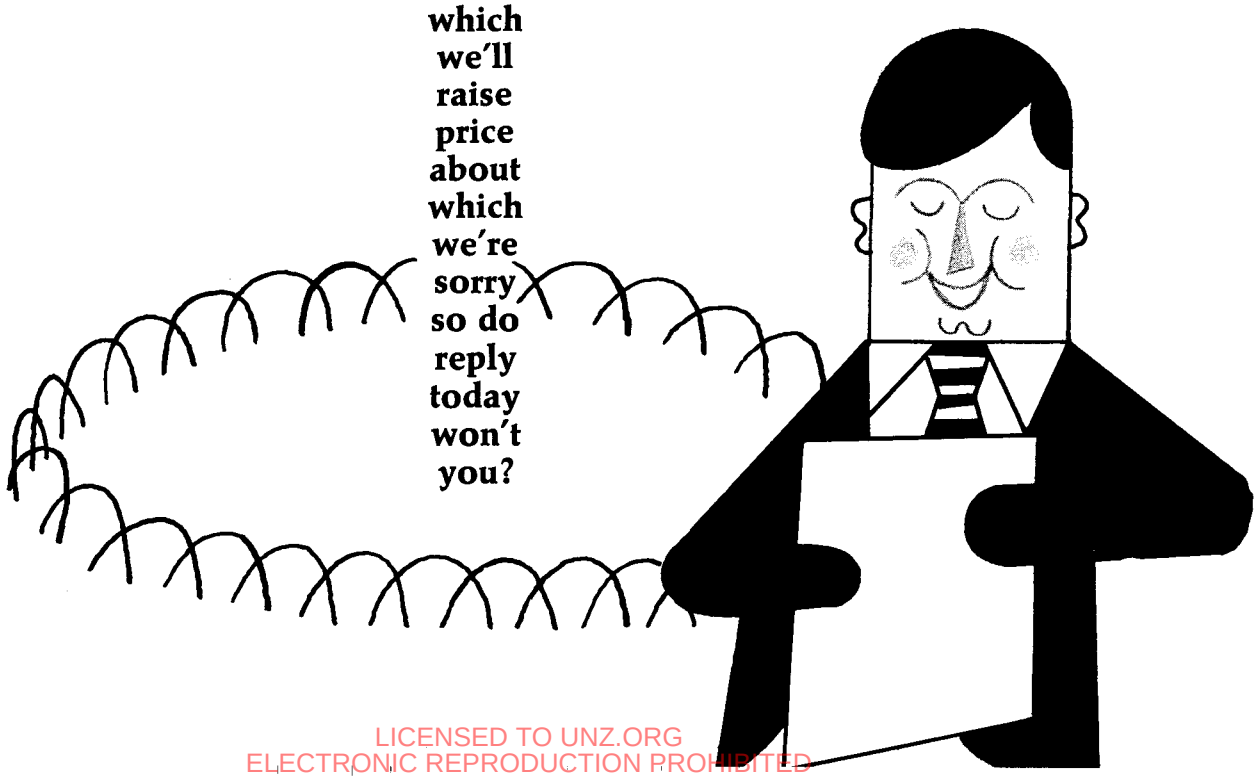

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THE WEEK

■ "Withdrawal is now impossible. The overwhelming fact of American intervention has created its own reality. All the years of war have profoundly affected our friends and our adversaries alike, in ways we cannot measure and perhaps cannot know. Moreover, tens of thousands of individual Vietnamese have staked their lives and fortunes on our presence and protection: civil guards, teachers and doctors in the villages; mountain tribesmen in the high country; many who work for the present benefit of their people, who have not acceded to the Vietcong even though they may not support the Saigon government. Many have once already fled the dictatorship of the North. These people, their old ways and strengths submerged by the American presence, cannot suddenly be abandoned to the forcible conquest of a minority." (*To Seek A Newer World*, Robert F. Kennedy, 1968.)

■ Mr. Theodore C. Sorensen "had a full and productive year, having participated in some of the nation's worst decision-making in Hyannis Port on the question of Chappaquiddick, then having helped write one of the nation's worst speeches . . . and then having gone on television in search of his own candidacy [for the Senate from New York] and criticized the speech." (David Halberstam, "Ask Not What Ted Sorensen Can Do For You . . .," *Harper's*.)

■ Organized labor does not like Judge Haynsworth, but it does like Sen. Birch Bayh (D., Ind.). In fact, it might be said that labor holds a "substantial interest" in the Bayh business, having contributed more than $68,000 directly to his last campaign, not counting unreported union political spending for staff time, "political education" campaigns and highly selective voter registration drives. Sen. Bayh thinks that contribution is small in relation to the $800,000 he spent in the campaign, but somehow, when AFL-CIO leaders approached him about fighting the Haynsworth nomination, he seems to have listened—and has led the fight against Judge Haynsworth ever since, supplying his Senate colleagues with "sloppy staff work" allegations about ethically impermissible conflict of interest. Sen. Bayh is not guilty of conflict of interest. When he is bought, he stays bought.

■ Last year, the defectors were Wallaceites. This year, they are anarchists, more or less. In recent weeks, students in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and California have walked out of Young Americans for Freedom. A spokesman—a bright young man from Stanford who has not resisted the lure of ideological totalism—charges that YAF is dominated by "reactionaries and bigots," and other, like-minded YAFers have rebelled and formed the new "Student Libertarian Alliance." Said SLA opposes YAF's "support" of "statist and socialist controls over the individual's life." Specifically, the SLA opposes increased taxes (so does YAF), punitive drug laws, the harassment of hippies, and "the takeover of consumer-oriented enterprise by the 'military-industrial complex,' which is reminiscent of Nazi Germany's and Soviet Russia's forced marriage of the economy and the state." What it comes down to is an ideological trip, and in due course the students will marry and have children—and, one hopes, urge them to join YAF, which continues to be a stable force for order and freedom.

■ A Gallup Poll published last week finds that popular opinion has shifted "dramatically" from the "hawk" to the "dove" position on Vietnam, but hold your horses everybody. "People are called hawks if they want to step up our military effort in Vietnam. They are called doves if they want to reduce our military effort in Vietnam." Thus the wording of Gallup's question, which makes Richard Nixon a dove, along with 55 per cent of the American people. The hawks, the President's right flank about which we hear little these days, still make up a substantial 35 per cent of the citizenry.

■ James Wechsler of the *New York Post* on the TV speech: "There have been innumerable occasions when many of us have raised critical points about both media. But that is not what the current argument is about, and anyone who falls into the trap of responding with self-reproach and timidity is yielding to intimidation. Each concession will make the next one seem less consequential and increase the arrogance of the attackers [Richard Nixon's bullyboys]. That is why the line must be drawn now, without apologia or retreat; and this is why some of the whispered counsels of caution and evasion have so troublesome a sound." At long last James Wechsler has been won over to the domino theory.

■ Congress may balk at President Nixon's proposal that the government sell its uranium enrichment facilities to private industry. The government's atomic production plants are no longer worth the $2.3 billion it cost taxpayers to build them, and yet some congressmen are fearful of having to explain to their constituents how they can deal away public properties at a loss. In spite of this problem, transfer must be made. The Atomic Energy Commission's monopoly on the production of enriched uranium has become ludicrous in a day when private industries are the leading consumers. And private ownership of the plants should speed, through competition, the breakthrough to the centrifuge process of production that will make atomic fuel for electric plants competitive with coal. That means less air pollution and cheaper utilities bills.

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■ Step by prudent step, the Pompidou government seeks to ease France back from the Gaullist jag to sober reality. The latest bubble to be pricked is de Gaulle's dream of a self-sufficient nuclear industry, parallel to his nuclear strike force, that would make France Europe's nuclear leader, independent of both the Soviet Union and the United States. De Gaulle laid his bets on reactors using natural uranium, to which France has ready access both at home and in her former African colonies. Power from this sort of plant has turned out to be hopelessly high-cost compared to power from reactors using enriched uranium (U-238). U-238 is very difficult to produce, and—what was decisive for de Gaulle—in the free world it is produced in quantity only in the United States. (France's small and already archaic Pierrelatte U-238 facility cannot turn out enough even for the strike force, and has costs impossibly high for commercial use.) Pompidou has faced the facts. In spite of opposition from scientists, engineers and businessmen committed to the Gaullist program and from bitter Gaullist politicians, he has apparently decided to cancel the present program and shift the French effort to construction of reactors to be fueled with U-238 from America. It is rumored that to this end France is nearly ready to sanction a deal with Westinghouse that would link French, German, Belgian and Dutch electrical companies, together with Westinghouse, into a pan European combine with adequate financial and technical resources to create a serious European nuclear industry.

■ Opponents of pay TV, led and primarily financed by the big TV networks, have been planning an all-out drive on Congress to get a law passed prohibiting the FCC from authorizing pay TV systems. They had been expected to succeed, but informed opinion on Capitol Hill believes their campaign will wilt under the fall-out from Vice President Agnew's attack on the networks' opinion-moulding monopoly. The pay TV advocates can and will push the argument that local pay TV systems independent of the networks can help get a diversity of opinions onto the home screens.

■ California State Senator John Harmer wanted to see for himself what the grape strike is all about, and so hired out for a week, anonymously, as a picker. The allegedly intolerable conditions he suffered included a private, air-cooled room, three good meals a day, and an incentive pay scale so liberal even a first-day clumsy novice picker could earn $2.20 an hour; more experienced workers made up to $2.50. The grape pickers, he learned, regard César Chavez, leader of the "grape strike" unionization drive, as an "opportunist" trying to use them, and reject the strike. Liberals, who would rather eat baloney than California grapes, take no notice.

■ Another humbug-spotter in the California legislature is Assembly speaker pro tempore Charles J. Conrad. The day before the U.S. Senate voted stringent restrictions on the testing and transporting of chemical and biological weapons, Conrad noted, a story appeared claiming that six fishermen had been injured by mustard gas leaking from stores the British had dumped into the sea off southern Sweden. The British quickly pointed out that the leakage was in fact from captured German stores the Russians had dumped in the water in 1947, and that, incidents having been reported often since, the matter was hardly news. The story was promptly dropped and not one of the vociferous critics of chemical/biological weaponry spoke out against the Soviets' methods of disposing of lethal gas—or of generating it in the press.

■ It was Moratorium day and a young man, bearded, hairy, bell-bottomed, walked into the fourth floor office of Mrs. Harriett Goodell, administrative assistant in the Department of Public Works, Portland, Maine. Could he, he asked, climb out the window and take pictures of the demonstrators in the street below? No, said Mrs. Goodell, suspicious-like. He insisted. Go ask the director, she said. He wouldn't. He started to climb to the ledge, which is where the flagstaff is. Mrs. Goodell got the message. He was going to rip down the flag. Barbara Frietchie-like she flung herself at him. Off came a shoe, crack went the window, loose came a drainpipe as they struggled back and forth. She won. Pulled him back in. Hustled him downstairs. Personally booted him out the front door. People in Portland kind of like the story. They're talking about doing something for Mrs. Goodell, like giving her a medal or the key to the city or a vote of thanks, or something.

■ The Ripon Society, with, as usual, the best interests of the Republican Party at heart, has responded to the March on Washington by a) attacking Vice President Agnew and Attorney General Mitchell, and b) providing marshals to help keep order in the demonstrations. It charged Mitchell and Agnew with trying to "smear the moderate peace movement."

■ According to *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, the Soviets' lunar program has been thrown heavily back by a) the explosion of the test model of the new booster rocket of ten million pounds thrust, on which their plans are based, and b) preventive diversion of resources to meet the Chinese border crisis. These factors have also put their Manned Orbiting Platform schedule more than a year behind.

■ Emil de Antonio's new film that will soon be touring the neighborhood movie houses has something for everyone—from Tom Hayden to Dr. Spock. *In the Year of the Pig*, the bad guys are the United States and France, Thieu, Ky and Diem. We have the good Americans (Fulbright and Morse) trotting out the usual about the evils of our Vietnam policy. An American soldier gets his chance to speak up. It's George Patton III saying of his men: "They're a bloody good bunch of killers." We

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see an American soldier grinning as his buddy kicks a Vietcong in the groin; another one misses girls but can't take the Vietnamese because "they're gooks." We have the valiant North Vietnamese and their glorious leader, Ho Chi Minh, whom not even the American pig will be able to defeat. The World Premiere was not in Hanoi, but in New York, same difference these days.

■ Through an unfortunate oversight (Aug. 12, p. 784) *NR*'s writer mistook the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom for the Women's International Democratic Federation, which was cited as subversive in 1949. We regret the error—much more, alas, than the ladies of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom regret having klatsched it up with representatives of Hanoi.

■ *Our favorite press agency, Informed Sources, sends along the following series of messages intercepted by IS operatives. All are stamped* MOST SECRET, *and directed to "THEM, Eastern Seaboard" by "Drabner Sormir, Agent in Charge, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind."*
Tuesday. Right-wing elements here, led by infamous R. E. Tyrrell Jr., staging "Alternative Week" in unfair competition with our Moratorium operations. Guest speakers include W. A. Rusher, F. S. Meyer of noxious NATIONAL REVIEW coven; other right-wing types. Am alert; will furnish daily reports. . . .
Wednesday. Hot Diggity! Opening night of "Alternative Week" a disaster for right wing. Tyrrell debated Prof. Rudolf Montag of Columbia U. (*must* be one of ours) on "social problems." T. spewed right-wing evasions; M. gave our standard-model Compassion Plea with all approved updatements. During question period, beefy fascist-type raced up aisle shouting "I'll get you, you Communist" and hit Montag in face with pie. Consternation! Dean "concerned"; *Daily Student* ran four-column front-page story on "assault.". . .
Thursday. Trouble. Montag not ours but *theirs*, 25-year-old Vietnam vet. Whole thing a hoax. Tyrrell claims he pulled stunt to prove that "people will listen to any idiot who mouths the approved liberal clichés." All not lost—Dean still concerned; am instructing all outlets to use our standard Climate of Hate line. . . .
Friday. Request immediate transfer to Home Sector. Everybody's *laughing*.

The Mob and the Media

The frontal assault upon the biases of the media launched by Vice President Agnew reflects the fact that time has now become the crucial dimension of the Vietnam war. The Nixon strategy rests on the assumption that domestic opinion will permit him to withdraw troops slowly enough to allow the rearming and redeployment of South Vietnamese troops. The view that the ARVN forces, gradually improving, can hold their own rests on another estimate: that Communist losses during the great 1968 large-force engagements were serious enough to be at least temporarily crippling, and that before such units can return to adequate strength the countryside can be largely reoccupied and the guerrillas' local organization destroyed. By 1971, in the opinion of the British weekly, the *Economist*, ARVN forces may be able to defend the frontier with the help of U.S. logistics and air power. The outcome in Vietnam therefore depends on which of two things happens first: the destruction of the Communist guerrilla apparatus, or the final withdrawal of American combat troops because of domestic opinion.

Both Agnew's speech, and the Vietnam Moratorium, are significant events in this dimension of the war. The antiwar demonstrators, pressing the government for a precipitate withdrawal, strengthen the Communist side in the struggle over time. No doubt many of the demonstrators are well-meaning in their antiwar sentiments; but, for those who are in fact well-meaning, participation is most accurately described by the famous epigram: It was worse than a crime; it was a blunder.

Agnew's speech represented a counterattack in the struggle for public opinion, and the contest over time. It is doubtful that the Administration position will now get better treatment on TV, but the public has now been told dramatically that another position does exist: as a result of Agnew's speech, the Administration's position on Vietnam has been rescued from the realm of the subliminal.

The revolutionary Left has also moved into the struggle over the media, organizing the New York Media Project, composed of "professionals in the communications industry" who are determined to oppose the war not, as in the past, outside their jobs but in their professional capacity. Members have been recruited from *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Fortune*, *Look*, *Esquire*, *Sports Illustrated*, the Associated Press, United Press International, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, ABC, CBS, National Educational Television, Random House, McGraw-Hill, Doubleday, Harper & Row and elsewhere. The New York Media Project, moreover, is not a single-issue protest organization formed to seek an end to the war. "There must be an end," it proclaims, "to the conspiracy of silence and all methods that have blacked out and distorted the rebellions and protests of blacks, workers, women, GIs, students, and all Third World liberation movements. . . . We must apply pressure by whatever means we can to open up space in the mass media in which [Black] Panthers can publicly defend themselves, and explain their programs in their own words. Media brass will resist our pressure, but we are going to have to be clear among ourselves who and what we're working for, besides our paychecks." Symptomatic of this increasingly open militancy is the escalated rhetoric of *Look*, which in its November 18 issue urged immediate withdrawal from Vietnam, and, in its December 2 issue, intensifies its attack upon what it now calls the entire "Nixon-Burger-Mitchell-Thurmond gang."

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The Trouble with Favors

Nearly all the economic recommendations in Governor Rockefeller's report on Latin America are ill-advised, and not least the one that President Nixon has accepted—the proposal to grant Latin America preferential trade treatment. This would be a repudiation of the "most-favored-nation" principle which has guided our foreign trade policy for the last fifty years. Under this policy the United States today accords equal treatment on tariffs to more than seventy nations that are members of the General Agreements on Trade and Tariffs.

In a most-favored-nation treaty, each signatory agrees to give the other the same treatment that is accorded any other nation. Now a preference in favor of any nation or group of nations is necessarily a discrimination against a nation not granted the preference. Hence it is bound to create international friction, resentment and retaliation, not to speak of leading to endlessly complicated tariff systems and quota systems.

It is as unsound economically as it is politically. It is incompatible either with the principles of free trade or the purpose of protection. If Mexico is one of the favored nations, what is to prevent American firms from setting up branches in Mexico to employ cheaper Mexican labor and import their manufactured products under preference? Or what is to prevent German or Japanese firms from setting up plants in Central or Latin America to import their products under preference into the United States?

Would we, in fact, even be doing Latin America a favor in the long run? Might it not, with preference, develop hot-house export industries that would depend for their survival on the continuance of the U.S. preferential treatment—with Latin America becoming even more dependent on American political decisions than before?

The whole proposal for preferential treatment for the exports of "underdeveloped" countries rests on questionable economic assumptions. Which are the "underdeveloped" countries? Who decides? Are Argentina and Mexico among them? What are the measuring sticks?

Trade discrimination in favor of the "underdeveloped" countries in general is hard enough to justify. But discrimination in favor of only Latin America is still harder. Just why should we discriminate against the Philippines and Taiwan, for example, in sugar quotas or in other matters, in order to give special favors to Peru and Bolivia, which are busy seizing private American investments?

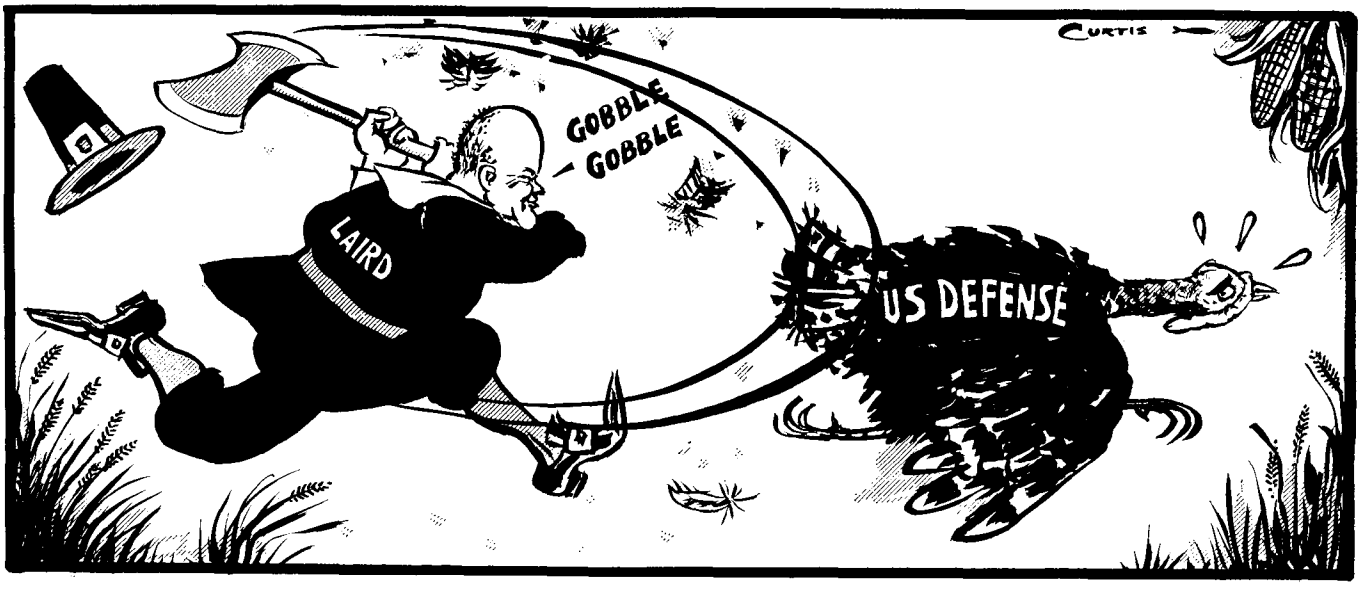
'Do You Want a Riot?'

The General Electric strike epitomizes what is wrong with labor law and law enforcement in this country.

GE has one of the best labor records of any company in the world. Its workers have averaged $3.25 an hour. In reply to the recent demands of its unions, GE offered an across-the-board increase of 20 cents an hour in the first year, plus 5 to 25 cents an hour for highly skilled workers—"the highest first-year pay increase in our history." It also proposed to reopen negotiations on wages in the second and third years of a three-year contract.

The unions are demanding still higher wages, with increases fixed now for the second and third years. But their real grievance is the long-established practice of GE to make its "best offer first" instead of holding something back, so that the final offer can appear to have been wrung from it by the union leaders. What matters to the union members themselves is what they get, not how they get it. But what matters to the union leaders is that their members should seem to owe their gains to the toughness and the skill of the union negotiators, and not to the employer's voluntary action. Otherwise what's a union for?

The law is all on the side of the strikers. The National Labor Relations Board has held that when GE or



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other companies make a firm offer, no matter how good, and then fail to increase it, they are not "bargaining in good faith" as required by the Taft-Hartley Act. Though that Act states clearly (Sec. 8d) that the obligation to bargain collectively "does not require the making of a concession," the NLRB and even some courts have treated this provision as if it did not exist.

In effect, then, the law imposes on the employer a one-sided compulsion to "bargain collectively" which is in fact interpreted as an obligation to make concessions. On top of that, if the employer in a strike tries peacefully to carry on his business, the local police give the striking unions a special license to use coercion and violence to prevent non-strikers from entering the plant. Here is the *New York Times*' description of what happened at Schenectady on Oct. 29:

"Two lines of policemen, about three-fourths of the city's 150-man force, kept the strikers and nonstrikers apart. Only twice did representatives of the nonstrikers attempt to persuade the police to open a corridor in the picket line so that they could enter. Both times the request was denied. 'What do you think we want, a riot?' asked Police Captain William Miller as he turned down a request for admission, 'I will not break that line.' "

On November 10, a special federal court order opened a corridor into the GE plant, but the general rule is for the police to enforce the strikers' picket lines, not the peaceful right to work.

This general condition helps to explain why the newspapers in New York have been reduced to three, why the Metropolitan Opera has been closed down, and so on. The Federal Government solemnly declares that it is keeping "hands-off" the GE strike, and everybody ignores the fact that federal laws and reverse local law enforcement are constantly interfering to press employers into making concessions, to encourage strikes, and to make it almost impossible for employers to combat them.

Scare City

Within the space of 48 hours last week in New York City, bombs were planted in the RCA Building, General Motors, Chase Manhattan and the Criminal Court Building. A number of persons were injured in the blasts, which did substantial damage. Three hundred subsequent threats and false reports resulted in the evacuation of many buildings, including the Stock Exchange and the offices of the *Times*, which was forced to cancel a morning edition. Moving swiftly on the basis of tips from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the FBI arrested four radicals—one a former art assistant on the Maoist *Guardian*, another a writer for *Rat*, an underground newspaper.

Commentary on these events has failed to locate them in the context of the serious discussion about revolutionary techniques which has been generated by the New Left. Within this discussion, agreement exists that large-scale armed insurrection is out of the question in the U.S., and would be peremptorily crushed by the armed forces. But there is serious and considered division on the question of whether a longer range plan involving terrorism, sabotage, and even small, mobile guerrilla bands might not be able to create such social havoc that the structure of the society would be subverted. The goal of the terrorism and disruption would be to exacerbate the tensions within the society to the point where substantial numbers of people would become disoriented or disaffected, which in turn would feed the guerrilla movement to the point where it could attempt to overturn the system.

Robert F. Williams, who now has returned to the U.S., is one of the foremost exponents of this strategy. According to Williams, "the new concept is lightning campaigns conducted in highly sensitive urban communities with the paralysis reaching the small communities and spreading to the farm areas. . . . It dislocates the organs of harmony and order and reduces central power to the level of a helpless, sprawling octopus. . . . The factory workers will be afraid to venture out on the streets to report to their jobs. . . . Violence and terror will spread like a firestorm. A clash will occur inside the armed forces. . . . U.S. forces will be spread too thin for effective action. . . . The economy will fall into a state of chaos."

The tactics of the New York group followed the established scenario for this kind of operation, including the use of Canada as a non-U.S. base. In the opinion of Martin Oppenheimer, Chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Lincoln University, Pa., and an acute academic theoretician of revolution, such a strategy might succeed. For it, he writes in *The Urban Guerrilla*, "the outcome is open; such a development has never occurred in Western, urban, industrialized society."

The alternative tactic, of which the current Vietnam Moratorium is intended by some to be a version, is non-violent. The literature on this stresses "creative dislocation," a term which embraces slowdowns, blocking troop trains, surrounding officials to inhibit their mobility, boycotts, malingering, marches, vigils and "reverse strikes"—in which people carry out tasks they are not supposed to do. One tactician, Gene Sharp, writing in an American Friends Service Committee publication, lists 72 forms of non-cooperation, 36 kinds of protest, and sixteen ways of "intervening."

God Bless Our Insect Friends

The wasp, it has a fearful sting;
  The yellow jacket's painful, too.
When bugged, the honey bee will cling
  Until she gets a howl from you.
Eschew the gnat; do not abuse
  The horsefly passing on the wing.
Be fair when broadcasting the news:
  The Agnew stings like *anything*.

W. H. von Dreele

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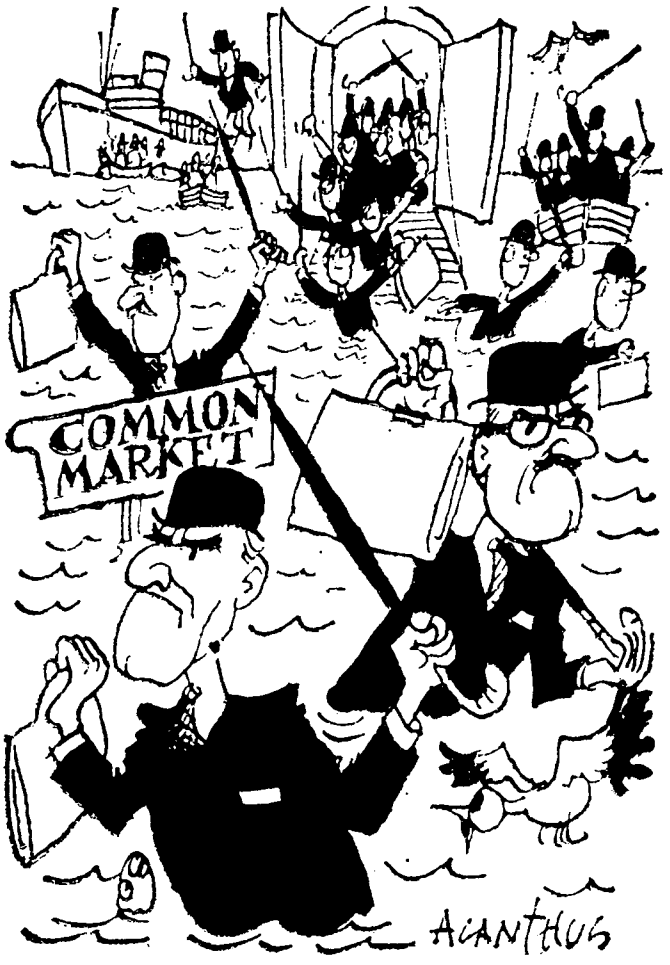
Participatory Democracy at Old Nassau

(Several weeks ago the Princeton administration issued a formal invitation to the entire "Princeton community"—undergraduates, graduate students, faculty, employees, all living alumni [each of whom got a written invitation], Princeton townsfolk and anybody else who wanted to drop in—to gather together during Moratorium II, November 13, to solve the problem of the Vietnam war. Princeton graduate student William S. Lind accepted, and here reports.)

Meanwhile, the "Princeton University Community" went about picking a Vietnam policy. The idea was to hold the Ultimate Rap-in. Students, faculty, trustees, alumni, all were to gather in the Jadwin Gym—the architectural pride of Princeton, a series of mammoth, overlapping, convex pavilions, suggestive of an oyster gang-bang—to see, be seen, rap, vote and purge their consciences.

The mood was easy, not up-tight, unusual for a political gathering these days. The sound system played Muzak as the people drifted in, most wearing sweaters or jackets, few crazies in the crowd. One dissident to Dissidents suggested that since only 2,600 people were present, out of an expected five thousand to seven thousand, and the press would take any decision to be that of the University, any vote would be a "travesty." His point was obvious, but the people voted to vote, because that was what they had come to do.



Acanthus, *Daily Telegraph* Ben Roth Agency

Once more into the breach . . .

Five resolutions on the war, ranging from support for President Nixon to Bring the Boys Home Now, were given fifteen-minute presentations. The sharpest fight was between the backers of an instant bugout and those who supported Senator Goodell's bill (S-3000) to guarantee a bugout next year by cutting off all funds for the troops by December 1970. The Senator spoke for his own position, saying what everyone had heard before, but what most liked hearing again. Professor Arno Mayer backed bugout, and got the evening's Gold Star in Public Speaking by calling Thieu and Ky "corrupt and antirevolutionary," and suggesting that "America needs to be taught a lesson in humility." People kept trying to amend the section of the Goodell resolution which listed the points of Senate bill 3000. It took the chair a while to realize this was out of order.

Since everyone could vote for as many resolutions as he found appealing, there was never any tension over making decisions. Goodell's bill was accepted 1,454 to 156, and immediate withdrawal squeaked through 799 to 452. Some of the vote tellers drew peace symbols in the zeros on their tally boards. The resolution to support the President was neither debated nor voted on; it was late, and most people felt they'd ended the war enough for one day. It had been clear Thursday afternoon, for the first time that week, but by midnight it was raining again.

Angela Davis, cont'd

Fired by the Regents because she is an admitted Communist, Angela Davis has been restored to her post at UCLA by the order of Judge Jerry Pacht, who deplored the intrusion of political criteria into academic decisions. The Regents, meanwhile, have appealed for a change of venue, which would move the case to Alameda County, headquarters of the University of California. And the protests continue against the gross intrusion of politics into the affairs of the university.

UCLA, of course, is an academic institution, not a political one. But is it? The Communist Miss Davis was hired at age 25 as an assistant professor of philosophy on the recommendation of head of department Prof. Donald Kalish. In many ways it is an extraordinary appointment. An applicant lacking the Ph.D. is customarily hired as a lecturer or an instructor, almost never as an assistant professor. Furthermore, Miss Davis has publicly avowed her intention to use the classroom for purposes of indoctrination, and thus is in clear violation of Rule Five as adopted by the UCal faculty itself which forbids such use of the classroom. Why were all these considerations set aside for Miss Davis? Professor

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Kalish, the department head, must have regarded the appointment as a sort of personal opening to the Right, for he describes himself as "left of Communism." Non-political place, the UCLA philosophy department.

Turn Off the Bauble Machine

President Nixon has decided to go ahead with the supersonic transport plane (SST). It is, of course, possible to see in this decision nothing more than the buying of a harmless, if costly, bauble—something like landing Spiro Agnew on Mars by 1976. The question is whether this is *only* a costly bauble, a moderately acceptable form of government pump-priming, or whether the SST ought to be debated on its merits as a means of transportation. Unfortunately, the arguments presented by its proponents make it virtually necessary to consider the bird on its merits, since pronouncements about its value to national prestige make it imperative that the damn thing fly. And on this basis, it looks to us as though the decision to build the SST, while we cannot handle our subsonic traffic, is on a par with the FAA's current hearings on whether carry-on baggage should be permitted under seats at takeoff, while the same agency doesn't bother to consider barring unlicensed pilots from flying small aircraft in the airspace used for major airport landing patterns. It wasn't, after all, a briefcase that collided with an Allegheny jet over Indianapolis. And it isn't going to take an SST to get travelers from New York to Chicago this year, or next, or ever. But at the rate the FAA and the CAB and the Department of Transportation and the President are going, by 1976 it will take a train, if there are any.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I should dearly love to have you write a piece dear to my heart. It has to do with the attitude of the black community, everywhere, toward the situation in Biafra. To the best of my knowledge, not one single organization nor any leading voice has pleaded the cause of the starving Biafrans: the white community has assumed the total burden. Black militants carry their cause to Algiers and Cuba, sue for a half-billion dollar rectification, disrupt universities in their inalienable pursuit of the right to learn Swahili, but Biafra? Not a whisper. Black is beautiful, *but* only with a full belly. Please?

Sincerely,
Saul Glemby
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Glemby: You have written the piece just fine.
—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Regarding your polemics on profanity [Nov. 18] I am somewhat comforted to know that you "do not mean to be blaspheming" when you employ the "expletive" God-dam. Further comfort may be derived from Thayer's Greek-English lexicon of the New Testament which ascribes blasphemy to those who by contemptuous speech *intentionally* come short of the reverence due to God or sacred things. Here the comfort ends giving place to a godly concern. For the Word of God which I equate with the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament specifically commands: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain" (Ex. 20:7). In the Hebrew the words "in vain" mean "to no good purpose," thus, "thou shalt not take [use] the name of the Lord thy God to no good purpose," which leads me to believe that unless you are willing to argue that your calling upon God to damn an inanimate or animate object is purposive and conscionable, you are guilty of transgressing the law of God, which is no light thing. As one who professes the faith of Roman Catholicism, [sic] would expect you to yield more readily to the "thus saith the Lord" of Exodus 20:7 than to the culturally conditioned value of the American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language.

Sincerely,
(Rev.) George Miladin
Reformed Presbyterian Church
Woodland Hills, California

Dear Dr. Miladin: The meaning of words is established by their usage, which would suggest that blasphemy is defined by that which is intended, rather than by that which is spoken, at least in such cases as permit of ambiguity. In such cases, one should invoke the transcend-

But There Is Oil There

The Minicon, a monoplane
Unlike the fabled Hurricane,
Is manufactured by the Swedes
For weekend use by gents in tweeds.
A Swedish count (von Rosen) who
Supports Biafra's point of view,
Decided Minicons were right
For giving Englishmen a fright.
So he, whose fathers entered lists
Before the Swedes were socialists,
Has made the Minicon excel
At rocket runs on British Shell.
And does it not seem odd to you
That Rosen and his Ibo few
Are fighting for a home terrain
With gents who flew the Hurricane?

W. H. VON DREELE

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ent virtue: Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. I Pe. 4:8. —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Reference the correspondence from one Mrs. Anna Marie Shinn of Atlanta, Georgia [Nov. 18]. Did she anticipate having her Americanism questioned? If so, she made a slight mistake. The net result of her letter is to lead the rational observer to question her intelligence. Fortunately, she is very well qualified to discuss the war in Vietnam, the racial characteristics of the South Vietnamese, and the quality of the general officers currently on active duty thanks to her wide experience as one of six of Admiral King's personal secretaries and her ability to read Anton Myrer. I have a cousin who knows all about these things too—he fired a cannon.

Sincerely,
Harold R. Barrett
Omaha, Nebraska

P.S. As to my own qualifications: I am a direct lineal descendant of both Duke William of Normandy and King David of Israel. I also read the editorial cartoons in the daily paper.

■ Notes from the Diary of an Academic Freedomite (From Mary McGrory's column, October 16, *Evening Star*, Washington): "The Two Davids and Sam Brown [chief Moratorium-makers] decided to walk to the Washington Monument to hear Coretta King address the candlelight marchers. They were somber. 'Next time the people will be angry,' said David Hawk. 'If they keep up this Red-baiting,' said Brown, 'Kissinger and Moynihan will never go back to Harvard.' "

■ Dear Bill: I enclose another wonderful insight into the liberal mind. [The enclosed clipping quotes William Shirer, the writer, as saying in an interview, "Sometimes I wonder whether America won't be the first country to go fascist democratically—by popular vote. I see all these people sticking American flags all over the place saying they're doing it out of patriotism. Many of them are really expressing opinions against blacks and against students and against long-hairs. That's fascism."] Here I've been all my life thinking that at least a man had to express fascist opinions over a long period and be a member of a specifically fascist organization before one got round to calling him fascist. But now it appears that the display of the country's flag is enough. I in my naïve way had always thought that to fly the Stars and Stripes meant that one loved the U.S.A. and respected its institutions.

But the more I look at Shirer's statement, the odder it seems. To be racially prejudiced, for instance, seems to me to be simply a sign of ignorance. And aren't the racially prejudiced victims of society, more to be pitied than to be blamed? At least, that's what Mr. Shirer would say about criminals and delinquents in general. He wouldn't call a murderer or a rapist or a child molester, fascist, would he?

Opinions against students (this, I suppose, means students in revolt) and long-hairs (this means hippies) are held by many people including me. So I'm fascist. Whatever would the Left do without the word?

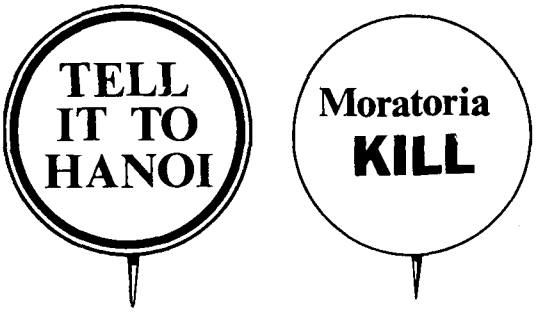
Best wishes as ever,
John Braine,
Surrey, England

■ Another commercial message from the Minister of Buttons, who threatens to branch out into laundry soap and breakfast food and take over this entire column:

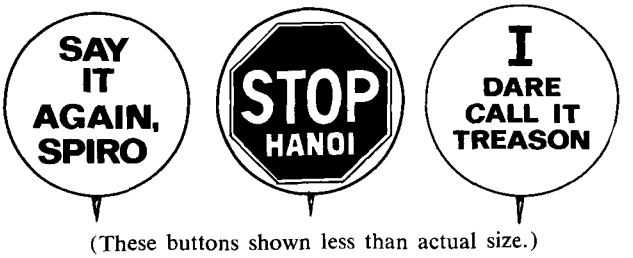
THE BUGOUT BOYS ARE DOWN BUT NOT OUT!

Bug On, America! Be ready for the *December* Moratorium! Be prepared when a peacenik rings your doorbell Christmas Eve (yes, they're even going to do *that*). Show where *you* stand—at work, in class, everywhere . . . wear NATIONAL REVIEW's anti-bugout, anti-Moratorium, pro-American buttons.

Thousands of you ordered our first two—so many of you that we ran out three times. Fresh stocks are *now on hand* of those bug-the-bugout classics:



And now, we proudly announce these new, tell-it-like-it-is buttons:



(These buttons shown less than actual size.)

Same old low prices: 3 for $1; 8 for $2; 25 for $5; 100 for $12; 500 for $50; 1,000 for $75. *Please* avoid disappointment by ordering early. *Please* print your name and address clearly. *Please* enclose payment (cash, check, money order) with order. *Please* make checks payable to NATIONAL REVIEW.

—**WFB**

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TRAVELS WITH MELROSE

Notes from the Road

JAMES BURNHAM

ESCANABA, MICH. In smaller American cities there is often one particular restaurant that everyone knows is in a class by itself in menu, prestige and price. This species multiplied rapidly a few years after the war, as the economy meshed into gear. The decor, modeled on a vision of the metropolis, was heavy modern, with dim lighting and an electric organ. In recent years the lights have been turned up a bit and the organ, though still present in the flesh, has in most cases been mercifully silenced. The food is generally not too bad and sometimes very good, especially when, to the conventional steaks and chicken and the duck *à l'Orange* or *Boeuf Bourgignon* that frequently signal the prestige status, the menu adds game or a regional specialty. The prices are not in the astronomic range of Ernie's or La Caravelle, but if you do a little drinking you'll end up close to $20 apiece.

These special restaurants are not really for tourists, who are mostly held captive at mealtime by the motels, and you don't find many tourists eating in them. In fact, they are difficult for strangers to track down, though old roadhounds know how to locate them. They appeared in answer to a special local need. The first—and at that time a very good one—we found was about twenty years ago, near Midland, Mich. Midland equals Dow Chemical, and that restaurant obviously existed, as we could see and hear, for the servicing of Dow's managers and executives and the attendant lawyers, doctors and higher civic officials. I remember another good one, a couple of years later, at Portsmouth on the Ohio River, which handled the executives of the local steel mill and nuclear installation. And so in general.

This year, we reached this minor port town on the northeastern shore of Lake Michigan Saturday evening. After Melrose and Newport had taken us for the long walk they fortunately insist on—ten-thousand-mile auto trips would be otherwise a cumulative disaster—we ended up at its special restaurant. It turned out to be not bad, with the ubiquitous smorgasbord that was presented as first course more appetizing than usual, no doubt because of the Scandinavian origin of much of the local population, and that finest of all fresh water creatures, Lake Superior whitefish, on the day's menu. But, unlike the past rule, our fellow diners were not confined to the executives, professionals and officials with a sprinkling of tourists. There were also present, at a number of the tables, what observation made us gradually realize were foremen and workers from the local plants and trades, with wife or girl. And I found myself reflecting on this unremarkable American fact, which would not be, could not be, in any other country in the world.

Brule, Wis. As we drove across Michigan's Upper Peninsula and the northeastern tip of Wisconsin, from the lovely bridge that spans the channel between Lakes Huron and Michigan to the southeastern shore of Lake Superior, through hundreds of miles of what in my Illinois boyhood were always called "the North woods," it occurred to me that this little known region is very similar to the lately so much talked about Appalachia. Both regions once had a fairly solid economic base in mining—coal in Appalachia, iron, copper and some coal in the North woods. In both, the mines are worked out. Both have immense woodlands and many streams, with the natural charm of primitive areas; of the two, the mountains of Appalachia make its landscape the more attractive.

But the similarity does not hold for the people and their artifacts. A good deal of central Appalachia, as we all know from the articles and photographs that have publicized the Appalachian flank of the poverty and renewal programs, is dreary rural slum occupied by burnt-out welfare clients. I have often driven through Appalachia and seen those slum-villages and derelict farm houses with the overturned auto corpses, rusted refrigerators and old tires strewn in the yards, but we did not see their likes on this trip between the lakes. Not that there were signs, either, of dynamic growth or notable prosperity. But, except for one embryo ghost town we stumbled on by chance —and it was dying decently—the small towns and villages were "kept up": the modest homes painted, their roofs intact, the yards and streets clean, the stores and churches presentable. Isolated houses, cabins and mobile homes were often crude enough, as always in relatively primitive areas, but they were at any rate upright.

I TALKED ABOUT the difference with the principal of a local school—one of those initiates who know all secrets of birds, plants, fish and animals, so that moving with them through the woods or mountains you enter nature's world —who was our guide through an enchanting chain of woodland lakes to the pools where brook and brown and rainbow trout struck at his bidding. There have been no massive injections, Appalachian-style, of antipoverty funds into these North woods, no large road-building appropriations, no subsidized factories, no fanfare in the media. But he and many of his sort like the life that the woods and water permit, and they are making out. They had seen that with fishing, hunting, boating, even skiing at hand, their great potential is tourism. This is now the main economic base, plus a good deal of lumbering. A few mines are still able to pay their way with ore, but more have been fixed up and successfully reopened as tourist attractions.

Swift Current, Sask. All that golden afternoon we drove across the golden prairies. Most of the wheat was harvested, and in the fields that stretched to the end of the earth the straw was gold in the sun, sometimes a deep red gold, sometimes silvered, with great checker squares here and there of black plowed prairie mud or the bright green newly sprouting winter grain, and far off—ten miles, twenty miles, there is nothing but the horizon to block seeing —the inverted colored prisms of grain elevators lifting up from the plain like the towers of Chartres as you approach along the road from Paris. Six hundred million bushels of wheat were being

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garnered from the prairies, and scores of millions of these were piling high in the open air, because there was not enough room in the elevators and bins stuffed full with the 1.7 billion bushel carryover from last year and the year before. As of that day, not a single bushel of this year's crop had been sold. That night Ottawa announced that Peking had bought 86 million bushels. For the next days this was the primary news in all media of the prairie provinces. Was there, then, any word of criticism or caution at this act that would so benefit the foulest regime in the world and help it keep energies concentrated on development of the weapons that may destroy all free nations? Of course there was not, not a single word. The only criticism, and regret, was that Peking had not been formally committed to additional purchases in the future. And I rather think a law is illustrated here: Unless they are engaged by an absorbing faith or ideology or roused to a collective passion, the citizens of a free nation will not support a policy counter to their manifest economic interest.

Fort McLeod, Alta. The old fort from which the Mounties secured the prairies is a museum now. Looking over the mementoes, artifacts and photographs of the Sioux, who roamed as they wished over this land before the Mounties came, I thought: in the basic cultural sense, the Sioux and Crow seem to be winning out in the end. Throughout the West, Midwest and South, as anyone on the road for a few weeks will see, thousands and hundreds of thousands of Americans have resumed the nomadic life of the plains Indians, carrying their tepees with them—made now from aluminum, steel or plywood instead of buffalo skin—loaded with their women, papooses, cooking pots and blankets. These "campers," trailers, land yachts are now the only home for masses of our countrymen, and a second, often preferred, home for millions more. Driving through, for example, the best residential streets of Twin Falls, Idaho, we saw some sort of camper or trailer in nearly every driveway. And was I not, though still at the timid intermediary stage of a station wagon, among them in spirit, my wagon stuffed with household goods, squaw and, the papooses being scattered, the dogs in their stead (though unlike our Sioux ancestors we did not plan a celebration feast on one of them roasted)? The tepee we didn't need to carry with us (though the wagon would have served), knowing one would always be waiting for us and for millions of our tribal brothers, at day's end, when we would hitch up our loyal robot steed at the gate post and pass the firewater around the electronic hearth.

Berkeley, Calif. In the brilliant sunlight, the scene, all along Telegraph Avenue on past the disputed Free Speech threshold through the big gates to the fountain, Sproul Hall and the campus proper, was so lively and picturesque it was easy to see how it must seduce the newly arrived student. The wild, colorful and motley clothes, the sweet, sour smells of pot and incense, the hundreds of Street People doing their myriad things on sidewalks and pavement, the sounds of guitar, sitar and reed-blown pipes, the posters summoning passers-by to dreams and nightmares, make a *symphonie fantastique* for all the senses. Where else would you have seen and heard two shaggy Pans sitting on a curb playing Bach duets on their flutes? I had not known that many of those campus dogs I had read about are large-breed thoroughbreds—Weimaraners, shepherds, Dobermans, Newfoundlands—looking, indeed, rather better suited for university education than many of the students.

I was wandering with a graduate student and a brilliant young instructor who, though himself an Aristotelian by training and belief, knew nearly all the campus New Left leaders as both students and friends. "They are drawn from the best and brightest," he said. "I know because I know so many of them personally. But I have also made it my business to analyze the records. Eighty per cent of the A students in our department are one way or another New Left, a majority of the B students, a third of the Cs and hardly any of the others. . . . There is no organized right-wing or conservative tendency on the campus. . . ." He pointed to the big white building next to Sproul Hall. "That was the one that was burned last winter. The repairs cost two million." " 'Burned' or 'was burned'?" asked the graduate student, who was a newcomer. "Was burned," our Virgil repeated. "The students set the fire deliberately." "Do you at any rate condemn *that*?" I asked, and for the first time—he was spectacularly voluble—he fell silent before answering. "I neither condemn nor approve," he finally said. "You know the values I stand for. There is no place for them in the doctrine of the New Left. But they are equally excluded—in reality if not in words—from the world of the administrators here and the senior professors, who are spiritually and morally dead. Let those two sides have it out in their own manner. It's not my war." □

Lenin

On one occasion, he had lied to an aunt about breaking a decanter in her house, and then burst into tears three months later just as his mother was putting him to bed, and confessed to her what he had done.

—Edmund Wilson
To The Finland Station

V. I. baby
it's been more than three months!
after one hundred million new flags
were sewn and stitched
after the hammers clipped
a million heads
and the sickle hammered
the petty thieves of old
and the streets were cleaned
of Jews and whites and blood
since the revolution
was secure under the moon
and the red was on the flag
and not in the snowmen
after Mayakovsky
after the handshake with
the painter schnickelgrubber
and the omission of leningrad
from stalin's mind
after the farce of hungary
and the thumping of the shoe
and of the czechs too
and so much more
would you not Vladimir
I would meet you on this plainly
would you not
have eaten caviar
with Rasputin
and drunk vodka
made from stolen peasant grain?

JOHN MCKERNAN

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A MODEST PROPOSAL

The Campus and the Law

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

LEGISLATION to quell campus unrest is often regarded as dangerous, unnecessary and useless. Dangerous because it might increase the already threatening federal and state control of our campuses. Unnecessary because it is felt that the campus authorities are able to deal with the student unrest without outside help. And useless because such legislation would not go to the root of the difficulty—which can be done only by campus reform. Yet *some* legislation *is* necessary, useful and not dangerous at all.

None of the arguments against legislation is more than a half truth. I know of no proposed law which would interfere with academic freedom. On the other hand, the students certainly do attempt to: they try to prescribe admission standards, the kind of courses to be given or not given (ROTC) and who is to give them (black studies) and what research professors may or may not undertake (military; secret) and what jobs students are to be allowed to consider (Dow Chemical). Thus, legislation is certainly not the major present threat to academic freedom.

Yet one may doubt that legislation will be of much help in preserving it. Freedom cannot be bestowed; it must be achieved and maintained. Faculties and administration can do this, legislation cannot. And neither faculties nor administrations have so far shown much zeal in preserving their freedom from student pressure. On the contrary, in some cases faculty members have protected the student building-occupiers; and administrations can do this, legislacute, or asked courts for leniency for student revolutionists.

It might be true that administrations can deal with the students without outside help. Notre Dame and the University of Chicago have shown that it can be done if there is resolution and competence. Without them legislation will avail little, and neither resolution nor competence can be created by legislation.

Yet legislation need not be wholly ineffective: a college president, fearful of doing something that will call the wrath of the students down on him, could be made to be more fearful of doing nothing, if to do nothing meant to incur the penalties of the law. His cowardice thus may be transformed into something resembling courage—if the legal penalty is threatening enough. It won't be the real thing, but it might be better than nothing. The law won't create competent college presidents or faculties, but it may limit the damage done by the incompetence and cowardice of either.

Finally, the idea that the root of the campus unrest is in the lack of campus reform, that legislation cannot help because the students—though perhaps immoderate in the means they use—are right in their demands, which only need to be met to eliminate the difficulty—this idea is without any merit whatever. Many of the student demands have to do with issues beyond the control of campus authorities (the war in Vietnam). Others are pretexts, tactical means to bring about "confrontations" for purposes which student militants hope are "revolutionary." This is what militant student leaders say, and I see no reason to disbelieve them.

Campus reform should be considered on its merits. But whatever the merits, they are as little relevant to the designs of student militants as the merits of Hitler's demands (and their appeasement by the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia) were to his designs for conquest. The demands, just or unjust, are used as instrumentalities for disruption, as were Hitler's. Demands can always be made—even if the campus is perfect. No campus is; all can be improved. Yet no improvement justifies the student actions. And no student demand I know of indicates any true concern for campus improvement. Most are faked. Did Berkeley really have no "free speech" as the Berkeley students freely proclaimed? Is a hippie park essential to education? Or a "black studies" institute? Or the transfer of a gymnasium from one place to the other? Can any student tell what makes for "relevance"? No, the militant student wants revolutionary "student power."

Education is at present our biggest and probably our fastest-growing industry, if we measure costs, employment and investment (returns are hard to measure). Education is also the industry which gets the highest public subsidy. Much of it goes to students, and nearly half of the college-age population is now in college. Perhaps part of the trouble is simply due to educational inflation: far more people teach and do research than are competent to do either, and far more students attend courses than are capable of benefiting. No wonder they find college irrelevant. Reduction of the size of this overheated industry would be the fundamental remedy. Yet I see little prospect of that. In the minds of most people the irrational faith in education is quite unshaken. Evidence does not affect it.

Can anything be done while educational inflation lasts? I think so. After all, if people are willing to subsidize education they may be unwilling to subsidize those who are trying to destroy educational institutions. Consistency requires legislation that prohibits attendance by anyone engaged in attempting to destroy the institution he attends. This would protect, not interfere with academic freedom. It must be done without relying too much on the academic authorities, who have demonstrated a remarkable suicidal bent. Institutions that wish to keep students who try to destroy them should remain free to do so, but the government should not be compelled to subsidize them.

CONGRESS HAS CONSIDERED and even passed (in one instance) laws with similar aims, but in such a form as to make enforcement depend on university authorities—which means that they are useless and beside the point. Thus, if Congress insists that the colleges must cut off the federal subsidies of students found to engage in disorderly conduct on campus, but leaves it to the university authorities to determine who these students are, and to implement the law, it is fairly clear that nothing will come of it. The university administrations are terrified of their own students and fearful of imposing any penalty on them. Other laws presently proposed won't do because it would be up to the university authorities to carry them out, and there is no reasonable way to ascertain whether they do.

I propose a different and—as it were—automatically enforceable law, which can be useful to the Federal Govern-

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ment, or to the states, or to both if adopted by both. The proposed law would still leave it to the colleges to deal with those disrupters who are not legally prosecuted—a majority. The colleges, in many cases, are hamstrung by their own regulations and by state laws which make it difficult to suspend or expel students. These regulations and laws ought to be revised. But I will not deal with that issue here, except to suggest that every college set up a disciplinary committee (preferably consisting of outside persons) which should hear cases at the request of a) any officer of instruction or administration, b) the commanding officer of the campus police, c) more than a hundred current students; and be entitled to suspend or expel, according to what regulations the college adopts. Else university authorities will continue to try to barter away education and academic freedom for the promise of peace.

As for students who have been legally prosecuted, the sentences of the court will have serious effect only if a law such as the following is passed by the Federal Government and, preferably, by the individual states as well.

Any student found guilty, by any court of law, of any violation intended to interfere with the normal activities and procedures of an instructional institution—e.g. unlawful entry or occupation of offices, grounds, buildings or classrooms; sequestration of property or persons; assault; disruption or obstruction of classes, research activities or office activities—must be suspended by any institution receiving federal aid (or state aid as well, if the states pass similar laws) in any form other than tax exemption, for:

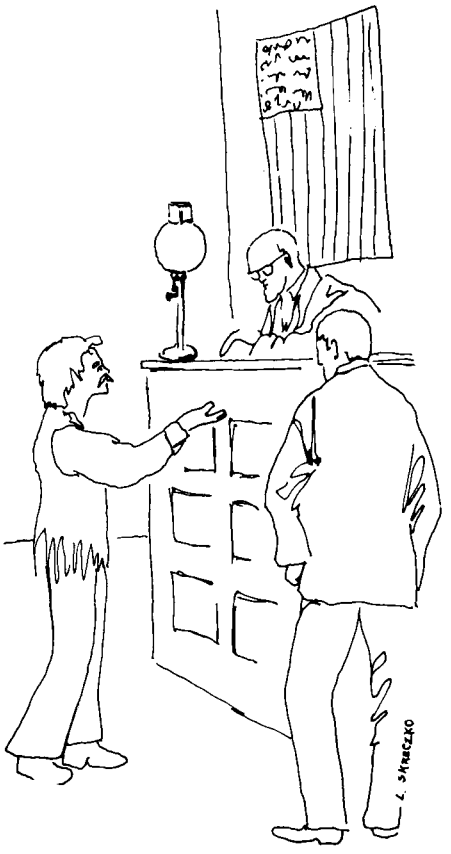
—no less than one year if the penalty imposed is less than ten days incarceration;

—no less than three years if the penalty is more than ten days and less than one month;

—no less than five years if the penalty is more than one month.

Anyone sentenced to a penalty of more than three months cannot attend any institution receiving federal funds. (If the court imposed a fine, the guilty person must be treated as though sentenced to days in prison, at the usual ratio of ten dollars = one day.)

On request, offenders must receive a hearing before a committee of deans, including the dean of the school they attend. They can be represented by counsel. The hearing should be public but may be held in private if the public is found to be unruly. The right to the presence of the defendant, or of his counsel, is forfeited if the defendant or his counsel a) do not appear upon notification, b) repeatedly behave contemptuously or c) are unresponsive. The hearing officers also can impose college penalties for contempt. The committee can consider evidence, and make determinations, in the absence of the accused party, if that absence is due to forfeit.



The committee is to consider exclusively:

1) whether the defendant has been found guilty by a court of law, and what penalty was imposed;
2) whether the offense of which the defendant was found guilty was intended to interfere with college activities.

If the finding for both a) and b) is affirmative, the penalties stated above are applied automatically as minima.

The hearings must be initiated and concluded within seven business days after the sentence of the court of law, and without awaiting appeals to other courts. The findings of the hearing committee are final and must be enforced by the institution within three days.

Upon reversal of the court sentence on appeal, the college would grant a new hearing on request in which it may, but need not, change its findings according to the new court finding or to findings of its own.

Any institution which receives federal aid but does not comply with the above provisions within the prescribed time, will suffer immediate suspension of all payments until compliance has been demonstrated. Money advanced must be returned for any period of noncompliance. Money due, but not paid out during a period of noncompliance, is, however, foregone. All future payments must be reduced pro rata. Federal subsidies to be withheld during noncompliance include all funds due for buildings, research, instruction or services and all loans, as well as all money due students on fellowships and grants, unless they transfer to another eligible institution.

The proposed law would leave the colleges free to act as they wish. But the taxpayers would no longer be compelled to subsidize lawbreaking.

Further, if it so wishes, a college remains entirely free under this proposal to deal with its students without the help of the law, and without loss of federal aid. After all, students can be found guilty of the relevant offenses only if either the college itself accuses them, or if the college has asked the courts to enjoin them, and the students, by disobeying the court, have committed the offense of contempt. Either way the college brings the courts in. If so, it seems to say the least inconsistent to let the courts punish the students while not imposing any college penalty on the students. Yet, suspension or expulsion from college, or dismissal, in the case of faculty members, has far more deterrent effect than a few days or weeks in jail. The former put an end to "revolutionary activity" and interfere with careers. The latter enhance both.

The present attempt by colleges to leave matters to the courts, and to keep students who attempt to interfere with the college makes a mockery both of the courts and of education. The law here proposed can perform the educational mission colleges have been remiss to perform: it can teach students that participation in any voluntary association depends on obeying its rules. Perhaps even that law-breaking does not pay, even in college. □

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BEYOND RELEVANCE

High schoolers are required to study history because, supposedly, it Helps Them Understand Our Times. Would that it did, mourns the author. In fact, as it's taught today, history gives no understanding of past, present or future—just an exchange of uninformed opinions

Teaching the Art of History

BERT LIPPMAN

THE COLLEGE GENERATION is disgusted, out of patience, morally offended with us; they mistrust our handling of affairs; they don't like the way things are going; they don't want the same old crap. The Establishment, the war, the universities, music more than three years old, their parents, or anyway everyone else's parents, middle-class morality, the myth that anybody over 35 except certain teachers knows anything about sex, history, morality, politics, government or the young themselves—they reject it all, not infrequently in non-university language. The only persons they accept are some of their own number and a certain set of youngish, or at least twinkling, instructors of history, anthropology, political science and other sensing disciplines who understand their desires and see the past with the same cynical eye, the future with the same bloodshot one, that they themselves do.

It's all new to them. That is, the contumelious rejection of the old ways is all new to them, and they have had a certain amount of sympathy among their elders for their milling rebelliousness, even if the sympathy they get is itself somewhat confused. Many older people, at the very moment that they are vibrating harmoniously with the young people's attitudes, are spending a good deal of time trying to formulate precisely what it is that the young people want in place of what they have. There is a certain amount of obscurity.

For this generation it is too late to do anything more than observe and try to understand. But the young of our time in twenty years or so will be having their own children to deal with. There is one way, neither a political way nor an economic way, in which we can help to assure that the commentaries of the young in 1990 will be both more coherent and less divisive. The elucidation requires us to go back a little way in time.

I begin by noting that in July 1967, a committee—the word itself is enough to make any experienced reader wince—recommended to the school authorities in New York that the method of teaching history be changed to lighten the "dullness" that now accompanies it. Several remedies were suggested, the chief of which apparently was the introduction of original documents. The authorities admit that history classes are dull. The committee offers "documents" as a means of alleviating the dullness. It is reasonable to inter that they would also approve the decoding of classical inscriptions.

As an English teacher I thought for a long time—with some reason, for I had taught "history" courses—that high school students did not know any history. Many other persons also thought the students knew no history, but it was hard for this opinion to flourish in the face of the fact that, as we all know, history is taught in the schools all the time (and some pupils get high marks in it), and that history teachers are always making things interesting for the young people, and that long ago they had abandoned the old-fashioned notion of teaching dates and facts in favor of a more enlightened and fruitful way of doing the job. This way was chiefly "discussion." You got the students to *think* about history as a living thing by having them enunciate and exchange views and by doing original research (that is, by copying mindlessly from supermarket encyclopedias). According to this technique, the children do satisfactory work by the formula of Pott's critic, who crammed for an article on Chinese metaphysics by reading up on it in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. (When Mr. Pickwick remarked that he could recall no such article, Pott explained: "He read for metaphysics under the letter M, and for China under the letter C, and combined his information, sir!") But mainly by discussion: Was Chlotar I a more genuine expression of the Frankish world view than Childeric, and why? It goes without saying that such a discussion, in the very nature of things, is deftly directed into an analogy with the present day; the students are led to illuminate our behavior in Vietnam or the concept of Falasha power by

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their ideas on the post-Merovingians. By the use of this technique even the dullest can be prompted to give his opinion on whether to bomb Hanoi or to withdraw at once. Thus the students learn history and also get involved with the issues of their own day. They are also induced and trained to do their own thinking. It seems quite educational—and yet the committee finds things dull, and I find the students ignorant.

Faceless Heroes

And I am not alone. A member of the history department of the school where I teach tells us that he is not actually a history teacher but a political science man. (I suppose "political scientist" would sound too much like "Christian Scientist" to be palatable.) His own students, he says, self-praise notwithstanding, do not, in contrast to the general situation, find things dull at all. Why not? Because he is wise enough and prudent enough to tell them that a knowledge of history alone will not lead us to the right answers to current problems. History is no good for that, he readily admits. Why teach it then, he himself asks. He can find no better answer than that history is interesting. If properly taught, that is, as ideas, forces, movements, and not as facts, dates, celebrities. The principles of political science, however, properly applied, will, he assures himself and us, lead the pupils toward the correct evaluation of the forces at work in their own world. He stoutly rejects the failure of his listeners among the teachers to swallow this. When it is pointed out to him that the definition of *political science* in the Second Edition of *Webster's New International Dictionary* is different from that in the Third Edition, and that neither definition is remarkable for precision, he dismisses the teachers and the dictionaries with the tormented air of a man who knows the truth and despairs of ever getting others to see it. He reminds us that the parameters of his science have changed a lot, and it also depends on what school of it you are a member of. Well, he is after all a political scientist, and it is unfair to reproach him with the failures of history teachers. Most schools, anyway, are not so fortunate as to have political scientists on their faculty. Let us confine ourselves to history teachers, who after all are not historians.

A few years ago a book written by three history professors at Indiana University (*The Teaching of American History in High Schools*, by Maurice G. Baxter, Robert H. Ferrell and John W. Wiltz, Indiana University Press) revealed that about half of all history teachers in the high schools hold degrees in education, not history, and that all of them alike have only a "smattering" of knowledge of government, history, sociology, economics, geography and anthropology. (No explicit mention is made of aesthetics, art, literature, foreign languages, biblical criticism, philology, comparative linguistics or heresiology.) "The typical history teacher," the book says, "reads nothing in his field from year to year." When he gets a master's degree, it is almost always in education. "It seemed incredible to mention the names of prominent historians of the present day—Nevins, Bemis, Gipson, Morison—and draw a total blank from the history teacher," the three professors wrote. And much more in the same vein. Their "study" took them three years. It confirms, as do all such studies, what is already obvious to anyone who is interested and disinterested enough to look about him.

One interested person, who did not make any "study," except of his own observations, is Howard Mumford Jones, who, one would have said, needs no introduction to history teachers (he is a historian and professor emeritus of the humanities at Harvard, a prolific essayist and intellectual activist). He said in an article in the *Harvard Educational Review* some years ago that the situation in the high schools in the teaching of history was very bad indeed. His chief complaints were that world history was taught as a subject: an impossible and ignorantly conceived undertaking; that history textbooks were extremely poor, written as they were by men who were neither historians nor writers; and that history is taught as if it could be used to solve contemporary problems, a simple-minded notion.

Professor Jones is a dignified and kindly man. He might otherwise have said a lot more, and in much harsher terms, particularly if he had not concentrated his fire on world history but instead had devoted his attention to the usual divisions. Partly to see for myself what was going on behind the billboard of HISTORY, to confirm, as it were, my prejudices about it, and partly to test a theory or two, I took a class in Modern World History last term. The students were juniors, about sixteen or seventeen years old. They were supposed to have "had" world history up to the middle of the nineteenth century; I found them almost totally ignorant of the history they had "covered" in their textbook. They did not have any realization, for example, that a chain of revolutions had passed over Europe in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century. The rest of their information was equal to this, whether it was the Chinese Middle Ages we were talking about, or the meaning of Brumaire. But much worse than their ignorance of facts, of names, of terms, of relations, was their total failure to have picked up the least bit of feeling for the sweep of history, or to have got any liking for the subject, whether as anecdote or as intellectual discipline. To them it was not at all sweet, as Ranke says, "to revel in the wealth of all the centuries, to meet all the heroes face to face." They were taught that there are no heroes. They cared nothing for facts, because, it seemed to me, the facts that they had been taught had been so closely pared of all penumbra, of all controversy, of all bias or point of view; they cared only for their own opinions, and even for those very little.

Black and White and . . .

The whole year was an intellectual disaster. I got little comfort from my colleagues in the history department, who were fond of quoting Santayana to me (they also quoted, or misquoted, Acton's famous dictum, though I strongly suspect they had read the works of neither of these great men): "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." In this aphorism (which taken by itself may be meaningless) they claimed to have found some small justification for the teaching of history to children in terms of modern analogues and lessons. That Santayana was not speaking of reading history books, as such, but rather of "remembering" the past through the cultural-racial tradition, would not have discomforted them had they known it. But if Santayana's remark should be taken as true in the sense of taking history courses, then the young who know no history in the true, the best sense of the word, are indeed condemned to futile rebelliousness, and it would be pointless to attempt to encourage them to "think

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for themselves" and to question the world around them, as the history teachers contentedly imagine they are doing.

History used to be taught patriotically, *à la mode de* Trietschke. The aim of teaching history was once to make good Americans. Then the debunking historians of the 1930s, who began with lives of Washington, professed to show him in his true colors (which varied from black to gray, but were in any case not red, white and blue), and the progressive notion that we ought to teach children to think for themselves, as well as the unsettling effects of the great Depression and the wars after it—these and other forces led to a more disinterested kind of history teaching in which only the facts were given and all bias was omitted. The pupils were encouraged to think it all out for themselves, as if they were living a past event, not reading about it. This method was supposed to produce much greater sophistication. It was calculated that by giving no conclusions the history teacher was allowing the truth to assert itself through a kind of pupillary dialectic. Final answers were discouraged. Everything had at least two sides to it.

Then Hitler came, and for a while he accomplished two great things for the art of thinking about politics. In the first place, he silenced at least temporarily everybody (except perhaps the intransigent pacifists) who had theretofore comforted himself—and pestered the rest of us—with luscious slogans like: "There never was a good war or a bad peace." That was a great, if temporary, gain. The second thing we owe to Hitler is this: he made it for about half a generation a little harder for the liberal minds to see both sides of the question and almost invariably to take the "other side," or anyway to apportion the blame equally. It is true that the effect has passed, but it was comforting there for a few years. Now we again find Robert Lowell telling a Russian poet that he and the Russian each live under "really terrible governments." The same people who were outraged at United States participation in Vietnam urged the government to take a side in the Arab-Israeli war. Others deplore South African apartheid but they thought Stokely Carmichael had something when he suggested a separate black state for Negro-Americans. Those who approve with their whole heart the passive resistance that won India away from the British (as they read the matter) thought it quite right that one of the first things the new Indian nation should do was to organize an army. And so on. There are no transferrable credentials in politics, there is no certification.

The Past and the Future

No assurance on present affairs is to be got from either writers or historians. A generation of people still living can remember the contemptible record of the American university professors of history during the First World War, many of whom wanted to outdo the Kaiser in retaliatory *schrecklichkeit* upon Germany; and in the present conflict in Vietnam the academic world is quite divided. The study of history will not tell us how to judge the events we are part of. Only history can tell us about history. That is, only the future can evaluate the past. The present we must work out by means of our institutions and our own efforts.

A good number of history teachers, perhaps most of them, charged with taking unfair and unwise advantage of their position to press their views upon the pupils, have said that they do not tell their pupils what to think in current matters, they simply acquaint them with the facts and lead them to make their own conclusions. In practice, of course, it cannot be done that way. Given a chance to take sides on an issue, people will tend to take one. Children are not different from adults in that. Often, the history the teacher teaches is too recent, too partisan; the teacher does not know for certain what the issues actually are, much less what guidance to give the students in appraising them. And his knowledge of history, such as it is, will not help him to know. Are not history teachers among those who are always telling us that we cannot trust the press, the popular "media"? Do they not tell us that there is always something that lies behind what "we are told," and that it is very difficult to know what the truth is (though it is easy to tell what is not the truth)? Do they not agree alike with Walter Lippmann in his *Public Opinion* and with the common man in his enveloping skepticism, that all news

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is "managed" and not to be trusted? Yet they seem to be confident that they themselves do know. That is why they have the assurance to say to us, "But do you want children to grow up ignorant of the world they live in?"

'Sophisticated' Education

If this question needs an answer—and it shouldn't—then it is this: a child does *not* need to know the political struggles of the world he is growing up in. If he has a family that eats its dinner together he will find out a little of what his parents are thinking about and reacting to. If it is a family that grunts but does not converse, he will learn nothing from them. In either case the school cannot supply the immediacy of real life that a family can give. If a child's parents are engaged in plotting a revolution, or in striking for a long time, or in agitating for civil rights, or in deciding whether to leave their church, or some such thing, the child's life will be affected. He will learn something of present history—but no factitious impartiality or omniscience will be present. How does the teacher make up his mind where he himself stands in a civic controversy? He decides according to how the matter in his own view affects him, and according to his education—which he usually considers quite adequate for the making of the right decision. But the child before him has almost always only a synthetic interest in a current subject.

Childhood, youth is the time when new ideas have the greatest power to get themselves adopted. An opinion about a piece of history-in-the-making, delivered by a forceful teacher, may have a powerful effect on the young mind. It may take the young person years of confused, distressed and sterile puzzlement as he matures before he can displace the opinions he learned in the history classroom with ideas of his own, which, even if they should not be closer to the truth, will at least have the value of being his own.

"A young man," says Aristotle in a famous passage, "is not a proper hearer of lectures on political science," and unless we are determined to overthrow all ancient wisdom because it is old, we ought to give thought to these words (and to the fact that Plato agreed with them). "For he is inexperienced in the actions that occur in life, but the discussions of political science start from these and are about these; and, further, since he tends to follow his passions, his study will be vain and unprofitable, because the end aimed at is not knowledge, but action." Action is what many young men love, action; but they do not always understand it. The young man is easily made impatient with democracy, and with the reflection, the temporizing, the half-measures and compromises, that are its basis. He tends to be an activist, the young hearer of lectures on political science, as well as a dreamer. But he is also a sentimentalist. Political ideas and social criticisms come to him like the sounds of poetry, like the rhythm and flux of fiction. "A historian has to fear only the poet," says D. N. Bigelow, in this way acknowledging the overlapping of both arts. The young are romantic, attracted to ideas as they are to configurations, moods and colors. (Those, that is, that are attracted at all.) As he does with creative works, the young student selects from political notions and historical judgments those statements that are congenial to his taste. Since history often does seem to be the record of the crimes and follies of mankind, he will find it easy to reject the past and go for the more enlightened ideas of the present. That is why he so often fancies himself a radical.

But the record of humanity's errors is enormously complex; the young student is not aware that it is, he cannot be; he thinks the past was *merely* folly, merely evil, and that he, and whoever his preceptor of the moment may be, know better. He is unconsciously a meliorist. He gets impatient. He wants to *do* something: reason is displaced by passion—and much harm is done. If the young politicist acted from selfish motives, his behavior could be accommodated to the general laws of democratic politics, and his notions and desires might be accorded their place in the welter of politics. But unfortunately he acts from idealism (or self-indulgence, it's much the same thing, a fashion) and it is therefore hard to contain him once he is set in the traces of rebelliousness. "The American young," says a writer who delights in the American young, and sympathizes with their discontentment and their protests, "are unusually ignorant of political history. This ignorance has unfortunate consequences . . . and lands them in wild contradictions." A legitimate paraphrase of Paul Goodman's rueful criticism is that the political youth do not make sense. They may alarm their elders, dismay them, make them feel inexplicably guilty, but they do not persuade them. The inference is that if the young people knew (political) history they would know how to articulate their malaise, how to channel their notions and bring them to bear. Even that, however, is doubtful from the very fact that the young are young. Twenty-four centuries after Aristotle, a modern philosopher, Scott Buchanan, sees the young as developmentally incapable of sound political action. "Representation," he says in the patient way of pedagogues, "has its roots in the distinguishable powers of the individual human being, most particularly in what is known as the reflective power of reason. We sense, think, feel and will, but we also know that we do these things. At first, in children and adolescents, this knowledge can be confused and confusing. It takes years of sophistication and education to bring it to focus and articulation in the mature adult." Whatever "sophistication" may currently mean, surely education must still mean something other than the classroom discussion of current issues, as practiced in our schools; and part of that something must still mean history—written history—historiography—the historian's art.

Practical Advice

What then should the history teacher do about the events we are living through, assuming that we can recognize which they are? He should teach history. Past history. Dead facts, which he must bring to life. History is a part of education. Educated citizens will do what the teacher himself does, they will when the time comes make their own decisions. Meanwhile, if the teacher teaches history in this sense, there is some chance that what he is teaching may be "true," insofar as historians have had an opportunity to bring their scientific art, their artistic science, to bear on the facts, and time and perspective and the disinterested interaction of scholarly evaluation will have achieved some form and clarity out of the accumulation of historical data. In learning history it makes little difference to a child whether he decides that Caesar was a great man or a tyrant. If, in studying Caesar in the works of a real historian, he has learned something about Roman history, he will have learned something on which to build more

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knowledge. He will have gained some cultural assurance and some sophistication. He will be by that much an educated person. From "discussing" current events in the classroom he will learn little but a distorted and obnoxious notion of the value of opinion.

Here is the practical conclusion from all this, in the form of advice on the planning of a history curriculum.

1. In the early grades, make no effort to have the children learn the chronology of history. Instead, have them read the classic myths in successively more poetic versions, until a real familiarity with them is achieved. Teach them also the usual accounts of our early American history without the kind of stultifying tendentiousness that makes a saint of Lincoln or Washington, or the present-day folly of inventing an admirable past for our American Negroes. These accounts must first of all be well-written. The typical hack work of writers in the "children's book field" must be avoided like temptation. The standard works of history are filled with marvelous anecdotal material, like Gibbon's account of Gelimer crying his eyes out on his mountain-top, and the exciting pursuit of Athanasius all over Asia Minor by the Emperor. Runciman has lots of stories that taken by themselves would delight children. The *Gesta Romanorum* is well worth consideration. The last part of the *Apology* is great literature, and not too hard for junior high school children. The *Tales of a Wayside Inn* may be old-fashioned, but it is a good introduction to the romance of history. Macaulay's *Lays* are in this class. Good literary accounts of Roncesvalles are available, of the Round Table, of the Paladins. Plutarch is in many places suitable for children. So is the *Anabasis*. Breasted is exciting and easy reading in large measure; so is Masson's history of Napoleon. There are numerous well-written books, authentic ones, an archaeological history and exploration, and I cannot imagine many things more fascinating than the story of Champollion or, in our own day, of Ventris. In all these things, and a thousand others, I would avoid any attempt to put history into a firm chronological order. The succession of the kings of England is of less interest to American children than it was even to Alice. But what I would do is concentrate on historical *art*, on the well-told tale, on the interesting and soundly historical episode. In that way I might hope to catch some of the children in the net of historical writing.

No More Textbooks!

Then, in high school, I would go a step further, but not much more than a step. I would not, except incidentally, break up history into eras or cycles, and I would certainly not teach from textbooks or the unspeakable review books. I would throw out every textbook on history now in the schools. This is a definite prescription, not a metaphor. Instead I would use the accepted works of historical genius. Thierry's *Norman Conquest*, Parkman's *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, Freeman's *Children's History*. It makes little difference which works are chosen, so long as they *are* works, and not impartial texts, without style or point of view or sense of personal responsibility for the facts of history. If it is not clear that the history book a boy or girl reads must have literary and imaginative value even before it has "facts," then this analysis is useless. I have listed older books, for the most part, not because there are no good new ones, but because I want to emphasize the second point of my prescription:

2. The second point is that no history that occurred within the lifetime of the teacher should be taught. There ought to be a firm rule about this. Enough history has been lived and written about to keep us all engaged for many lifetimes. Those works of historiography that have survived the test of any good book, that is, to have endured, are the proper and only pabulum for the student. It is a useful paradox that the young reader is much more likely to see history whole by reading masterly accounts of small pieces that are themselves literary and conceptual wholes, than he is by reading destylized chronologies of long periods, written from no point of view but that of safety and institutional utility, and duly containing obeisances to economics, art, religion, the common man, and the Causes of the War. History courses in the schools should be designed to do what they are named to do, that is, teach history, and not some adscititious thing, like how to think for oneself or how to make a better world or how to solve present problems. What a term with a good teacher and a first-rate book on some historical period (the decision as to what is a historical epoch or era is itself a work of scholarship and synoptic imagination—there are few Burckhardts) can do for a child is the essential meaning of education. Such a course will give the young student the only thing really worth anything in schooling, an amount of education. It is this which will feed his mind and encourage him to want to know more and, by becoming part of his mental equipment, enable him to make some sense of the world he lives in, and do it, moreover, with joy and satisfaction, and not with spasmodic frustration. In the end, then, the schoolboy will have got some real help toward doing what the history curriculists now say they want him to do—thinking for himself.

3. In all this I would not neglect dates, and some consciousness of what came before what in history. Everything has ultimately to be related to other things or it cannot be understood. But I would give up any attempt to chart the whole of recorded history. That is a synthesizing task best left to the college years and beyond. Anyone who has read, for example, Carlyle's *French Revolution* knows that the historian assumes certain information on the part of his readers. This information, or at least some of it, it is the task of the high schools to impart. Whatever gaps are left, and they will be numerous even in the best cases, can only be filled in by further historical reading. As with literature, it is the job of a whole lifetime. So I would not worry too much about standardizing the curriculum. *Any* good book on any subject in history is worth reading and knowing, and one will do as much good as another toward implanting the historical sense and a liking for reading history. It will probably work out in practice that the customary divisions will get the most attention—our Civil War, our Revolution, middle Roman history, the Crusades, Napoleon. . . It makes little difference. If an adolescent's imagination is set going by the "Hyksos" or by the sweep of dynasties in China or by the history of terrorism in Russia, it's just as good as if he knows what happened at Second Manassas. By the prevailing methods of today he knows none of these, nor any others: any honest observer will testify that the students' sense of history is so vague as to be worse than useless, useless as a guide to history, useless as a guide to an understanding of the present, above all useless as a spur toward learning and reading history. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

GAMES NATIONS PLAY

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

During the past several months, as the November 17 date approached for opening the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT), most of the influential newspapers, columnists, TV commentators and liberal political leaders in the United States called for various American concessions as the proper method for achieving real progress in disarmament. Hubert Humphrey, along with a large bloc of senators for whom Edward Brooke of Massachusetts and Edmund Muskie of Maine have been prominent spokesmen, called on the President to order a unilateral suspension of U.S. testing of multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles (MIRV) "as a gesture of goodwill before the start of the arms talks" (H. Humphrey, Tokyo, Oct. 27). Many editorials suggested also a halt in development of the anti-missile system voted by Congress last spring. In the same pre-SALT period, the liberals in Congress, fighting persistently to reduce appropriations for strategic armament all down the line, succeeded in cutting many elements well below Pentagon estimates of what the nation's security requires and in eliminating funds for research and development on a number of advanced weapons. The President was scolded for past intransigence on disarmament and urged to soften up his position so that the Kremlin can be assured of his friendly intentions. Vice President Agnew was given a thousand lashes of the editorial whip for his "intemperate charge that those who favor a MIRV moratorium are playing Russian roulette with United States security" (*New York Times*, Oct. 27). No prominent person in the United States mentioned publicly that a few concessions, suspensions and moratoriums from the Soviet side might improve the atmosphere for arms talks.

In this same period the Soviet press and Soviet commentators also had a good deal to say about SALT. In fact, the comment in the Soviet media was just about identical to that in the U.S. media: suspicions of Mr. Nixon's credibility and sincerity, demands for the halting of U.S. ABM and MIRV development, curbing of the U.S. military-industrial complex, denunciation of any U.S. pretension to "a position of strength," and so on.

ON BOTH SIDES this has of course been standard procedure in connection with negotiations between Americans and Communists. It was summed up in the old story of the Russian and American sentries stationed just across the zonal line from each other in post-armistice Berlin. They were arguing about the merits of their respective homelands, and the American came up proudly with this clincher: "But in my country we have freedom to say anything we like, I can go up to the gate of the White House and shout, 'President Truman's foreign policy stinks!' and nothing will happen to me." "It's exactly the same in my country," Ivan countered. "I can go up to the gate of the Kremlin and shout, 'President Truman's foreign policy stinks!' and nothing will happen to me."

Imagine yourself an American delegate starting an important negotiation with the Russians. What effect will the pressure of this public background noise have on your negotiating posture? It can hardly be expected to stiffen your backbone if it has any tendency to softness. And in truth we usually do begin softening even in advance of the gatherings. Though Mr. Nixon has a considerably stiffer backbone than several of his recent predecessors, even he has yielded a few points before SALT began. He used to insist, no longer ago than the 1968 campaign, that our security can rest only on maintaining "superiority" in strategic arms, but that got quietly changed to "sufficiency." White House press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, repeated only a short while ago what had always been a Nixon position: "The [arms limitation] negotiations cannot take place in a vacuum. Therefore there is a definite dependency between the problem of limiting strategic arms and the important political problems." But after the Kremlin denounced this axiom, it was obligingly withdrawn—which means, among other things, that the U.S. delegates cannot bring up as relevant to armament issues the Czech invasion, for example, or Moscow's threats against Rumania, Yugoslavia and Berlin, or armed clashes with China, or Soviet military backing of Hanoi. And Mr. Nixon made, also, another of those "shape of the table" concessions that have often so symptomatic a significance. Washington had proposed for the opening of SALT a number of cities like Geneva and Brussels and other standard half-way negotiating points. Moscow refused and insisted on Helsinki, capital of a country literally under Soviet guns. Ergo, Helsinki it is.

IF WE LOOK BACK at the record of disarmament talks since the end of the war, their actual function can be seen to be that of a sophisticated phase—a "game," the strategic analysts call it—of arms competition. This does not exclude agreements on limitation or reduction in this or that weapons field, and some agreements have in fact been made. Limitations, like expansions, make differential changes in the arms equilibrium and can therefore be appropriate moves in the game. The Soviet delegates, like the Soviet leadership, are fully aware of the true nature of disarmament talks in the international game, and they will play SALT like the professionals they are. Let us hope our delegates, and our leadership, are equally without illusions in entering this round at Helsinki. If not, Mr. Nixon may soon find his "sufficiency" sliding into "inferiority." □

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FRANK S. MEYER

STORM OVER AGNEW

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

What is the significance of the storm over Agnew? Quite simply that he has broken the rules of the game as laid down by the symbiotic cartel of old liberalism, New Left, and the communications media. These rules provide that criticism from the Right is only permissible if stated within the categories with which liberalism obfuscates the shape of reality, while political obscenities of sans-culotte students or black revolutionaries are to be smiled upon or explained away.

The Vice President's sin is that, again and again, beginning with his address at the time of the Baltimore riots and continuing through his recent analysis of TV news and comment, he has clearly and simply called things what they are. He has refused to enter the jungle of liberal semantics that obscure and distort straightforward issues; and he has stated those issues in terms of the traditional constitutional doctrine essential to the survival of a free society.

His language has been sharp and aggressive, a quality I welcome; but it has not been insidious and demagogic. "Snob," "effete," "impudent" are descriptive epithets—arguable and subject to confirmation or confutation. They are very different from that truly demagogic language with which Mr. Agnew's rhetoric has been compared and which, I confess, I find detestable and ideologically dangerous: epithets like "pointy heads" and sneers at briefcases. These are neither arguable nor confutable. How does a man prove his head is not "pointy"? (Incidentally, whatever happened to "egghead," a different configuration?) Or how to prove to a horny-handed son of toil that a briefcase is as legitimate a tool of trade as a hammer or an oiling rag?

There is the widest of difference between language which is demagogic and language which, though it ignores the rules of the liberal game, speaks, however strongly, directly to reality. Such language, such rhetoric, is, I believe, an essential prerequisite to clear political action. Perhaps I can most adequately explain what I mean by quoting three examples of the kind of language that cuts through the liberal fog—examples which have enlivened and encouraged me in the past few weeks.

THE FIRST is from the Vice President himself in his Harrisburg speech of October 30:

"It is time for the preponderant majority, the respectable citizens of this country, to assert their rights. It is time to stop dignifying immature actions of arrogant, reckless, inexperienced elements within our society. The reason is compelling. It is simply that their tantrums are insidiously destroying the fabric of American democracy. By accepting unbridled protest as a way of life, we have tacitly suggested that the great issues of our times are best decided by posturing and shouting matches in the streets. America is drifting toward Plato's classic definition of a degenerating democracy—a democracy that permits the voice of the mob to dominate the affairs of government."

The second is from Patricia Coyne in a letter to NATIONAL REVIEW (Nov. 18):

"Society has to find some way to make the poor want to get off welfare. Therefore it is actually against the poor's interest to give them more money than they need to subsist on and it is certainly against their interest to tell them that they deserve more money. When we do that, we breed crazy situations."

The third is a simple statement (but oh-so-opposed to the accepted apologias) of Judge Hoffman denying bail to Bobby Seale at the Chicago trial: *"[Seale is] a dangerous man [whose behavior is] a major threat to the continued existence of our democratic system. If he's a dangerous man, as I conclude and find, it would be a gross error for him to be free on bail."*

What is refreshing about these statements, each in its own way, is that they blandly bypass the elaborate constructions of liberal ideology's "second reality" and drive straight to the actual reality of the situation. There are dozens of issues today on which this kind of straight talk is necessary if we are not to be immobilized in a semantic paralysis, while the forces of disorder run unchecked.

EXAMPLES swarm to the mind. Mass demonstrations at the Capitol or the White House, directed toward overawing constitutional authority, are not the kind of action envisaged under the guarantee "peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances"; they are much closer in their essence to the mobs that stormed the Bastille and the Winter Palace; and this type of action, physically impinging upon legislative assemblies, executive mansions, courts of law and party conventions, if unchecked, can only lead to the destruction of ordered government.

Or again: clear thinking, free of liberal ideology, would point out that the admission to universities or to employment of grossly unqualified persons (in response to sentimental appeals or to threatened terror) means that other eminently qualified students or workers will be denied a career they deserve through their abilities and efforts.

One could go on almost *ad infinitum* with such home truths, smothered today by the conventions of discourse laid down by the liberals. It is, of course, too much to ask Mr. Agnew to speak out on all of them, but we should be eminently grateful to him for what he has done. He is under attack because he has committed lèse majesté against the consensus of the ideologues. Those who yearn for clean intellectual air are in his debt. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

IN A HELPFUL MOOD

Now! The first Delectations Competition! A recent survey laments the difficulty of starting dinner table conversations with uncommunicative partners. Competitors are invited to submit no less than two entries on dinner party starters. No money, no politics, no religion, but harmless remarks along the lines of: "Do you like string?" "Do you really believe in sociology?" "Which end of the bath do you sit in?" "If you had to make a final choice, which would you take, sex or books?" Entries will be judged by Bill Buckley, Priscilla Buckley, Chris Simonds and myself. Three books will be awarded as First, Second and Booby Prizes, and they all will be suitably inscribed by the judges. Results will be divulged in a later issue. Please send entries to Competition, c/o Nika Hazelton, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35 Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked by December 20.

For Holiday Tables

This is the time of the year when even the Scrooges among us feel twinges of warmth for their fellow men. Gather these impulses while you may, with a little cooking and baking that's not much trouble to yourselves but which will make an awfully good impression.

First, the tasty herring salad no Scandinavian buffet is without. It makes a reviving hangover breakfast also. The herring can be bought at Scandinavian and some fish shops, or, if you can't get it buy Rollmops or Bismarck or some similar prepared herring and wash off the dressing.

MIXED HERRING SALAD

2 salt herring
1½ cups diced, cooked or canned and drained beets
½ cup diced cooked potatoes
2 cups diced cold cooked meat (beef, pork or veal), (can be leftovers)
2 apples, cored but not peeled, diced
1 dill pickle, diced
2 tablespoons capers, drained
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
3 tablespoons white vinegar
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
3 hard-cooked eggs
1 cup chopped parsley

Wash the herring and soak them overnight in equal parts of milk and water to cover. Drain, dry and cut off tails and heads. Remove all the bones and cut into small pieces. In a deep bowl, combine the herring with the beets, potatoes, meat, apples, dill pickle, capers and chopped eggs. Season with the pepper and mix thoroughly. Stir the vinegar, mustard, salt and sugar into the whipped cream. Add the dressing to the salad and toss lightly until blended. On a serving platter lined with salad greens, pile the salad into pyramid shape. Separate the yolks and the whites of two of the hard cooked eggs. Cut the other into eight lengthwise slices. Chop the yolks and the whites fine; keep separate. Surround the salad with alternate mounds of chopped egg yolks, chopped parsley and chopped egg whites. Arrange the egg slices on top of the salad in the shape of a blossom. About six servings. (Note: Quantities can easily be doubled and tripled. Try to dice the ingredients into approximately the same size; the salad will look better.)

ALMOND COOKIES

1¼ cups shelled almonds, blanched or unblanched, according to taste
1 cup sweet butter, at room temperature
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring or grated rind of 1 large lemon
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

Grind the almonds fine in a nutgrinder or in an electric blender. Cream the butter until it is very soft and gradually beat in the sugar. Stir in the almonds, the vanilla, the salt and the flour. Wrap dough in waxed paper and chill in refrigerator for about two hours. Set the oven at 350°. Snip off small pieces of dough and shape them either into little loaves 1-inch long and ½-inch wide, or into tiny rings, or tiny crescents. Place the cookies on buttered and floured baking sheets leaving about two inches between cookies to allow for expansion. Bake for about ten to fifteen minutes or until the cookies are beginning to be golden. They must not brown. Remove carefully from the baking sheets and cool for three minutes. Roll the cookies in vanilla sugar.

VANILLA SUGAR

Combine two cups sifted confectioners' sugar and one stick vanilla. Place in a container with a tight lid, and store covered for two days or longer before using.

DANISH SANDCAKE

This cake, with excellent keeping qualities, is on the dry side and suited for egg nogs, fruit desserts and the like. It need not be iced and should be cut into thin slices.

1 cup butter, (2 sticks) at room temperature
1 cup sugar
grated rind of 2 lemons
6 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons brandy or rum
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
1 cup sifted cornstarch
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
sifted confectioners' sugar

Set the oven at 350°. Cream the butter until it is very soft. Gradually beat the sugar, about two tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in the grated lemon rind. Beat in the egg yolks, one at a time, again beating well after each addition. Stir in the brandy and beat again for three minutes. Sift together the flour, cornstarch, baking powder and salt. Stir this mixture into

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Scrutiny of an Enigma

WILL HERBERG

The Jewish Mystique
By Ernest van den Haag
Stein and Day, $5.95

A book like this is to be approached with trepidation. Writers about the Jews are not like any other kind of writers, and books about the Jews are not like any other kind of books. An ambiguous destiny pursues both books and writers. For writers of books about the Jews, whether themselves Jews or not, are either antisemites or philosemites. The former, the antisemites, suffuse everything ("good" and "bad" alike) with a triple-distilled venom that corrodes every word and thought; the latter, the philosemites, suffuse everything ("bad" and "good" alike) with a warm haze of uncritical good feeling.

Ernest van den Haag is a philosemite. But he is also possessed of a realistic critical mind and a saving sense of humor, of an ironical twist. His tribute to the Jews—for, after all, this is what the book is, a tribute—cannot, therefore, be written off as just another of those books "about Jews." It is a tribute to the Jews, but more than a tribute. It is emphatically worth reading, even if you don't agree with everything in it (and who does when the writing is about Jews?) and don't particularly go in for well-arranged and tasteful floral offerings.

The Jewish Mystique is essentially a collection of Professor van den Haag's random reflections on the Jews. Some of the chapters (really, virtually independent essays) contain acute observations, significant factual data, and suggestive conjectures; but they also contain once-over-lightly comments, and more than a few irrelevancies and (I am afraid) obscurities as well. But all are skilfully prepared and served with taste and wit; even the most dubious assertion or the most irrelevant digression becomes interesting in van den Haag's hands. He does not succeed, however—perhaps, he never intended—in giving structural unity to the book; chapters could easily be rearranged in almost any order; the only thing holding them together is that they are "about Jews."

I find the first chapter, "Are the Jews Smarter than Other People?," with its frank emphasis on the superior genetic pool, in its appropriate historical context, of the East European (Ashkenazic) Jews and their descendants in this country, the most convincing and most valuable in the book. Along with it, I would place the sixth chapter, "Two Kinds of Discrimination: Jews and Negroes." But, on the other side, van den Haag's insistence (and not his alone) that there is such a thing as a "Jewish character," marked by "messianism, intellectuals, and a moralistic-legalistic outlook" (chapter three), left me singularly unconvinced, as did a number of other essay-chapters in this book. But always, even in the most unconvincing discussions, there is a good deal of value to be garnered, facts, good stories, pointed anecdotes.

So far as I can see, the most serious shortcomings to be found in this book, taken as a whole, relate to certain unclarities and omissions. Van den Haag speaks of the Jews, but in many places, and the most important, it is practically impossible to know just whom he is talking about. Sometimes, it would seem to be the Jews in their ancient lineage, Ashkenazic and Sephardic, European and Oriental; sometimes, it is the Jews of the East European *shtetl* who are being discussed; sometimes, it is the Jewish immigrants to the United States; and, sometimes, it is the Jews in this country today. Indeed, in one chapter (chapter eight), he virtually makes the relatively small Jewish, left-liberal, literary intelligentsia do service for "the Jews." I think I have read Professor van [illegible]'s book very carefully, but for the life of me, in many cases, I cannot assess the validity of his conclusions or even the strength of his arguments, because of the basic unclarity of his terms of reference.

In discussing Jewish social and political attitudes, I think he misses the point almost entirely. Like so many others, he finds something in the Jew—his character, his heritage, his experience, or what you will—that predisposes him to liberal or radical causes. But through the ages, until well into the nineteenth century, the Jews, and especially the rabbinic elite, were thoroughly traditionalist and conservative in social and political attitudes. In the nineteenth century, there emerged in the Jewish communities of Eastern Europe, in line with the spirit of Emancipation, a small but important schism, embracing a number of radical movements (socialist, anarchist, positivist).

These movements marked a schismatic breakaway from Jewish community life, and were characterized by an embittered antireligious defiance of mainline Jewry. The schism was, of course, brought to this country by the East European Jewish immigrants, who came in such masses until the First World War. In the United States, the alignment reproduced itself, though under vastly different conditions. The mass of the Jews, insofar as they showed the slightest interest in American politics, were (believe it or not) Republicans. A sizable minority, the schismatics, with their own agencies and institutions, were socialists or anarchists. But there were very few liberals, in any intelligible sense.

However, with the rise of Hitlerism in Europe and the rapidly forming front against it under the Roosevelt Administration, a massive political realignment took place in the American

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Jewish community, characterized by a movement both from the Right (Republicans) and Left (socialists) toward the New Deal Democratic center. Thus were the American Jews brought into the Democratic coalition (along with, for other reasons, other ethnic groups), and thus did American Jews acquire their virtually unchallenged reputation for liberalism. Of course, a small group of Jewish radicals crystallized out at one pole, and an equally small, if not smaller group of Jewish conservatives, at the other; but the political allegiance of the American Jews in the large urban centers, and that's where the great bulk of the American Jews are to be found, remains solidly Democratic, even if their true-blue liberalism has become a little shaky here and there. This whole development, I am afraid, Professor van den Haag misses.

BUT EVEN MORE unfortunate is his ignoring of what I should say is the most decisive fact about American Jews in the past generation, and that is their return to Jewish identification and synagogue membership, if not to traditionally Jewish beliefs and observances. Community surveys in the past few years have shown that among young Jews of the teen-ages group and college generation, there is an unprecedented readiness to identify themselves as Jews, and to regard their Jewishness as a kind of religious belonging (like Protestant or Catholic), rather than as an ethnic or even cultural connection. And Gallup Poll surveys, marking the change from 1952 to 1965, reveal that American Jews, though weakening in their religious *beliefs*, show a marked increase in "active church (synagogue) membership," in "attending church (synagogue)," and even in "reading the Bible." Community cohesiveness, Jewish identification, rising synagogue (or temple) membership and attendance: these things van den Haag does not mention at all, and yet they are so much more important than many of the radical eccentricities he does record. He is apparently not interested in the all-important institutional and religious life (however inadequate theologically) of the American Jews.

So much for my complaints. Let me end on another note. I think I can regard myself as concerned with Jewish affairs and, both personally and academically, well versed in them. I read books "about Jews" by the dozens, or so it seems to me. But I can honestly say that I have read no book "about Jews" in recent years that has absorbed me so entirely as van den Haag's production. I read it all, its 252 pages entire, in one sitting. □

FICTION

The French Lieutenant's Woman
By John Fowles
Little, Brown, $7.95

LULU IN BOMBAZEEN

GUY DAVENPORT

Nine years ago there appeared an excellent novel called *The Gouffé Case* by the German Joachim Maass. When I tried to buy a copy of it for a friend a few years ago, I discovered that it is out of print, and that, indeed, it seems to have dropped into that special oblivion reserved for first-rate books which for one reason or another—a crabby review, alarm at the publishers' because of slow sales, the vicious taste and thin education of the reading public—fall short of catching on. Its indifferent treatment is perhaps due to its being very European, even though the most scalp-chilling parts of *The Gouffé Case* are set in Saratoga and Arizona. Mr. Maass' strange novel is another—perhaps the best—episode in the adventures of Lulu, a woman of rending perversity whose charms are ineluctable, lethal, and worse.

As a constant in the imagination she can be traced back to the Hittites, but as a demonized version of the female will in our time she makes her grand appearance in the plays of Frank Wedekind—Benjamin Franklin Wedekind (1864-1918)—where she figures as a kind of female spider. In *Der Erdgeist* (1895) she arrives just in time to join the Gorgons and Circes who were beginning to haunt the canvasses of Klimt and the pages of Freud. In *Die Büchse der Pandora* (1903) her career of seduction and gore is ended by Jack the Ripper. In Mr. Maass' novel she is back in business in a big way, as mysteriously beautiful as any heroine of Poe's, and as spooky. The mischievous Mr. Nabokov created her diminutive in the fetching Lolita. And now John Fowles gives us Lulu in a Victorian embodiment, nothing lacking in her sneaky charm.

In his first novel, *The Collector*, Mr. Fowles treated us to an eerie account of a kidnaper so sexually confused that only a writer of extraordinary insight could have communicated so dark a story. *The Magus*, his second novel, was even more ambitious, and almost collapsed under its freight of allegory and symbol, but remains one of the most exciting and wildly rich novels of our time. Now, in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, he strikes out into an experiment that breaks the pattern of what we normally expect of a novel. Or seems to. For in the end we have to admit that his sleight-of-hand is really the novel's ancient business of beguiling us with as heightened a sense of reality as he can.

MR. FOWLES sets his novel in 1967 and proceeds to do what one would not have thought necessary—namely, explain the Victorian soul, which has already been explained on the spot by the most brilliant group of novelists and poets in the world at any one time. As if he were Fielding, he discusses his

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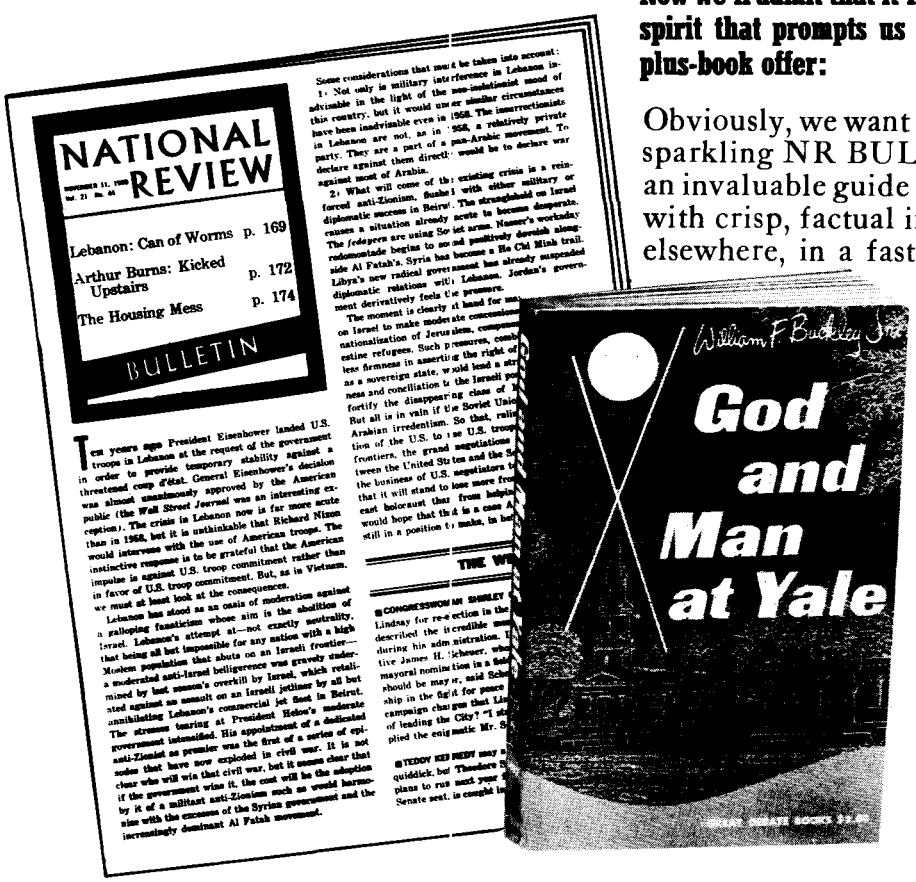
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BULLETIN
William F. Buckley Jr.
God and Man at Yale

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themes with the reader, quoting from documents of the time, comparing the Victorian age with our own (a lesser age, in his opinion); in short, smashes the form of his novel in every way he can manage, including the liberty of backing up the plot from time to time, cancelling what he has just told, and trying the story in another way, so that all the grand moments of the novel happen twice, in alternate versions. There are two endings, for instance. In spite of this, the essential mystery of the novel remains intact, and underneath these mechanical devices the psychological surprises of his characters carry on their own set of reversals and transfigurations.

Mr. Fowles' protagonist is a Miss Woodruff, "the French Lieutenant's whore," as the villagers of Lyme Regis in the south of England call her, alluding to an indiscretion with a French naval officer whose ship was wrecked on their coast. When we meet her, she is doing penance as a reclaimed sinner in the strict household of Lyme Regis' most moral citizen, a purse-mouthed old party whose boiled eye could have found something to criticize in SS. Paul and Silas sharing a salami sandwich.

Mr. Fowles carefully builds up enormous sympathy for her, a pattern all the incarnations of Lulu follow. Slowly he lets out hints that this morally redeemed woman is up to no good, but by the time he gives us the clues we are no longer willing to listen to his slanders. Miss Woodruff may be a bit strange; she has suffered unfairly and she is a misunderstood woman. But wicked, no. If the novel's hero, a young heir with geological hobbies and a flair for the new Darwinism, breaks his engagement to the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer and runs after Miss Woodruff, that is his folly. I won't give away the plot, for Miss Woodruff is Lulu with a new twist to her.

INSIDE THIS wonderful teasing and ...usly red-herringed story Mr. ...assesses the Victorian temper- ...d of lesson for our time, ...still of the Victor- ...e are still faced with their problems—and with their solutions to them. Among the Victorians there first arose the tension we still feel between tradition and progress. Though Darwin was speaking of other matters, he might just as well have been thinking about the human condition in his time when he described the adjustment of organisms to a radically changing environment. In the past century obsolescence has claimed practically the whole of life as it was known to the Victorians: gentleman and lady, horse, estate, village, Bible, servants, intelligible poetry, the classics, the railroad, landscape painting, the sense of being on the tip of time's arrow.

Mr. Fowles creates the Victorian ambiance in all its paradoxes, right down to the now alien assurance that a man responsibly doing his duty was in control of a world however confusing and chaotic. And here is the center of his novel, and the relevance of his maddeningly deceptive, capricious, and wholly female Lulu. She is a Victorian Gea Mater, Darwin's Nature (a grand old Earth Mother if there ever was one), the allegory of flux and female will, which a poet whom no one read (Blake) called Vala in the preceding century. Mr. Fowles' novel in its largest sense is nothing less than the awful encounter of Victorian sense, duty, intelligence and rectitude with another, seemingly idiot, will which had come into the world from who knows where.

This counter-will symbolized by Mr. Fowles as a woman of incredible obstinancy and deceit, is a kind of hysteria which began to appear in English art toward the end of the century (Miss Woodruff when we last see her is living in the household of the Rossettis on Cheyne Walk in Chelsea) and which had begun to manifest itself in English fiction in the Brontës and Hardy. Mr. Fowles has performed a neat rounding out; he has written a Victorian novel which the Victorians could not themselves have written, for they would have wanted to understand Miss Woodruff, and her essence is in the fact that she can't be understood.

MR. MAASS HINTS IN *The Gouffé Case* that his Lulu is the double nature of existence, the extremes of birth and death brought together in a single mysterious term which the Christian cultures understand differently but which still forces itself into our myths, that is, our art just as it was in the consciousness of far earlier ages, personified as various dread goddesses. Death, Darwin explained (and Walt Whitman in "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking"), was the condition, the agreement in some sense beyond the grasp of science, by which there is any life higher than the amoeba and paramecium at all. For billions of years the world was immortal.

In the Darwinian vision of higher life emerging from lower, death became necessary. It is as if the Victorians had had to experience Genesis all over

RANDOM NOTES

■ NEWS: United Artists, bless its enterprising heart, has bought screen rights to Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. Negotiations took two and a half years; the price is described only as "very high." No word when the film will be made, or whether it's to be live-action or cartoon. . . . Remember Horace Liveright—the *in* publisher of the Twenties? He died in 1933, since which time his firm has coasted along selling its backlist. Now Liveright has been bought by the publishers of the *New Republic*, who promise a line of "young authors, good books." . . . David Ben Gurion is at work on a massive history of Israel, to be published late next year by Funk & Wagnalls.

In a book tentatively titled *Future Japanese Evil*, Herman Kahn explores the possibility that Japan may overtake the United States as a world power. . . . Sanche de Gramont's exhaustive history of the siege of Madrid in the Spanish Civil War is due from Putnam early in 1971. . . . More from backstairs: Liz Carpenter, Lady Bird Johnson's press secretary, has delivered the manuscript of *Ruffles and Flourishes: The Warm and Tender Story of a Simple Girl Who Found Adventure in the White House* (Doubleday, January, $6.95).

■ FICTION: The next Iris Murdoch, *A Fairly Honourable Defeat*, is billed as "a tragicomedy of errors" (Viking, January, $6.95). . . . St. Paul gets the Taylor Caldwell treatment in *Great Lion of God* (Doubleday, April, $7.95). . . . Charles Webb (*The Graduate*) offers more communication problems in *The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker* (Lippincott, spring). . . . *Clovis*, by Walter Harris, is the escapades of a boy Lolita (Putnam, January, $5.95).

For mystery fans, there is a new Agatha Christie Poirot tale, *Hallowe'en Party* (Dodd-Mead, $5.95); a new Simenon *Maigret and the Calame Report* (Harcourt, $3.95), and a new Eric Ambler, *The Intercom Conspiracy*, in which the head spies of two enemy nations collaborate to finance their retirements (Atheneum). Also, Avon Books has launched a paperback series, the "Classic Crime Collection." There will be four new titles each month; among the first are Somerset Maugham's *Ashenden*, Dick Francis' *Dead Cert* and A. A. Milne's *Red House Mystery*.

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again, its meaning unchanged, its details utterly different. Man met nature afresh; she had never changed, but man had forgotten her. That encounter is the heart of Mr. Fowles' novel. When some professor wakes up and gives us an account of Lulu and her havoc, as artists have been depicting her for seventy years now, the matter will be clearer, and Mr. Fowles' strange novel will figure large in her history. □

The Kennedy Legacy
By Theodore Sorensen
Macmillan, $6.95

A LEGACY FOR LIBERALS

M. STANTON EVANS

For those who are interested in observing the intellectual decrepititude of American liberalism, there is of course no shortage of materials. Books and articles which prove the point keep appearing all the time, and I therefore make no special claims for the volume presently under review. As an illustration of the fact that liberalism has little to say to us, however, I imagine it will serve as well as any.

If that beginning seems too harsh, I should add by way of further introduction that Sorensen seems to be an honest fellow, evenhanded in assessing the record as he understands it, ready, with the exception of the Bay of Pigs, to confess an obvious error here and there. The problem is that, in setting out to make liberal "pragmatism" theoretically intelligible in terms of itself, he has assumed an impossible burden. He has in consequence written an impossible book.

THE KENNEDY LEGACY might best be described as a literary conglomerate—one part chatty memoir from an insider, one part manifesto "for the Seventies," the parts intermixed with no observable thread of chronological or other order. The discussion is patched together by repeated assertions that the careers of John and Robert Kennedy, if meditated upon long enough, will yield some kind of heuristic principle. This promise is never redeemed. Itself formless, Sorensen's book does not get very far in imposing form on the pragmatic moves of its heroes.

This weakness seems to derive in some measure from last summer's accident on Chappaquiddick Island—an event which leaves the author without a finish. Sorensen's thesis is that the Kennedys are distinguished by their "growth"—meaning movement to the left. Each Kennedy grows during the course of his political career, whereupon the next Kennedy takes over at the achieved plateau of enlightenment, ready for still more growth, and so on. The argument might be rounded off with triadic fullness if the accumulated growth could be shown as converging in the person of Edward Kennedy—and one gets the feeling this was Sorensen's original intention. The plunge off Dyke Bridge makes such an argument implausible, however, so the Hegelian progression must be left uncompleted.

As to what "the Kennedy legacy" actually consists of, the reader may have some trouble deciding. The nature of the problem, and the quality of Sorensen's prose, may be gathered from his statement that the "legacy" is "a composite and coherent body of concepts and principles," which are, despite their composite coherence, hard to define. They would be more easily grasped, the author says, "if the two brothers had relied upon a single unifying theme or guiding principle," but they didn't. It remains for Sorensen himself to elucidate three "over-all concepts," which turn out to be: commitment to "peaceful revolution," free choice for all peoples, and "a pervasive sense of responsibility for the future of our children."

These composite concepts are, philosophically speaking, the high point of the book. From here on out, we find ourselves slogging through an anthology of clichés. There must be "federally stimulated economic expansion," as well as federally subsidized "job-creating activities." Money is diverted from domestic needs by the "military-industrial establishment." We must get out of Vietnam and realize that "we have to live with Communism if we are to live at all." Student violence is bad, but we should recognize that youthful idealists are responding to the ills of our society. And so on with ruthless turgidity.

An interesting feature of Sorensen's discussion is that it contains no analysis of anything. "Problems" are deplored, more or less in keeping with current journalistic enthusiasms, and then various slogans and formulae are rattled off by way of proposed solution. The matter of what *causes* the problem, or whether it has been accurately described in the first place, never arises. We are given consecutive eulogies of President Kennedy for a) running up federal deficits, and b) cracking down on Roger Blough for trying to raise steel prices. We are likewise told something must be done about hard-core unemployment and that it was a good thing for John Kennedy to seek extension of minimum wages. The question of whether deficits have something to do with inflation, or statutory minimums with unemployment, seems never to have crossed the author's mind.

THE FOREIGN POLICY passages are, if possible, even more superficial and more disturbing. Sorensen's presentation is vintage *Liberal Papers*: More and more disarmament, trade and aid and cultural exchange with Moscow, accommodation with Peking and Havana, a UN peace force, and so on. Can Communism in fact be dealt with on these terms? Again, the question is never discussed. President Kennedy said in his American University address that we should do such things, and that is good enough for Sorensen. Since the author himself is known to have written many of the things Kennedy said, however, the documentation seems a trifle weak.

Sorensen's long service as a Kennedy ghost appears, indeed, to be one of the major difficulties with this book. It has the dormative power of a good long political speech. In addition, it is full of the alliterations and "not . . . but" disjunctions which marked the Kennedy oratorical style: "I write not to repeat a recitation but to . . ."; ". . . a failure of policy and a foothold for hate . . ."; ". . . premises and promises . . ."; ". . . the precedents and principles proclaimed . . ."; ". . . defense, diplomacy and dialogue. . . ."

There is more in this rich vein [illegible] shall forbear repeating it. [illegible] one writes things like "[illegible] to believe he is thinking [illegible] the issues before him [illegible] that he is thinking [illegible] charitable. Such formu[illegible] that precision of meaning [illegible] rificed for the sake of a haz[illegible]al effect—albeit the effect itself [illegible]metimes ludicrous. That is a legacy [illegible]ensen and the rest of us could well afford to do without. □

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RECONSIDERATIONS

LIONEL TRILLING'S 'THE MIDDLE OF THE JOURNEY'

JOHN BRAINE

Critics are like eunuchs: they know how to do it but can't. This hoary crack has consoled me more than once, along with the lines of Yeats on those who hated *The Playboy of the Western World*.

Once when midnight smote the air,
Eunuchs ran through hell and met
On every crowded street to stare
Upon great Juan riding by:
Even like these to rail and sweat
Staring upon his sinewy thigh.

The critics know more about literature than we, its creators, they even seem to know more about our own creations than we do. They can make or break our reputations. They can categorize us once and for all as serious writers or mere entertainers.

But they can't write novels. Fictionalized autobiographies, yes. And sometimes these are very good. But they aren't novels, just as the life-sized model of Lincoln delivering the Gettysburg address at the World's Fair wasn't Lincoln. One may admire the sheer skill, the mechanical know-how, the exactitude which goes into such productions. What isn't there is the breath of life. It would take too long here to explain why this is so: instead I would ask you simply to compare *The Company She Keeps* with *Babbitt*. Which, with all its virtues, is the non-novel? Which, with all its faults, is the real novel?

And this is the most astounding thing about Lionel Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey*. It will stand comparison h any real novel because it is a real The technical excellence, the su- tion of the narrative is ct from a critic of minence. One takes that his prose will be plain (but not drab) and al- understandable. Professor Trilling writes to be read not only by his fellow academics but by the Common Reader, the average reader who reads for pleasure but with some discrimination. (It's not a question of writing down but rather of giving oneself more fully.)

When I first read *The Middle of the Journey* in 1948 at the age of 26, I was a Socialist, remarkably immature, and trying in between earning my living as a librarian and studying for Library Association examinations, to learn how to write. I remember being impressed by the novel but not greatly moved. The problems it raised weren't problems by which I'd been personally affected or which at any time I'd thought through. I mention this first reading only to note one fact: of all the characters the one I disapproved of most strongly was the central figure, John Laskell. (I say *central figure* rather than *hero* quite deliberately.)

I find that I still do, except that now "disapprove" would be too mild a word. Laskell is a liberal in his early thirties, a moderately successful architect with a small private income. He is the archetypal liberal, the cornerstone of the present Establishment in the West. He isn't, however, an ideological symbol, but a fully realized character. *The Middle of the Journey* isn't about ideology but about human beings in whose lives ideology is dominant.

The background is a New England village in the Thirties. Laskell, who is recovering from a serious illness, has come there to convalesce. He is lodging with a local family, but his real hosts are his friends Arthur and Nancy Croom, who are middle-class fellow travelers. The Crooms employ the village ne'er-do-well, Duck Caldwell, as their handyman. He is also their private charity, one of the society's victims, as they would put it.

Duck's wife, Emily, has intellectual pretensions and treasured memories of Greenwich Village. Their eleven-year-old daughter, Susan, has heart disease. Laskell learns this from Emily when they become lovers. Duck, however, doesn't know it, and when he slaps the child at a village concert, the blow kills her. In the meantime, Laskell's friend, Gifford Maxim, who has just left the Communist Party, appears on the scene. Or, one should say, appears physically on the scene; he has never been for long out of Laskell's mind since announcing to him that he's left the Party, and the reaction of the Crooms to his leaving the Party has subtly altered Laskell's attitude to them.

MERCILESSLY, with an almost indecent relish, Maxim describes Laskell's intellectual and emotional predicament, puts everyone in his place. "You know it as well as I do—the day for being human in the way you feel now is over. Gone. Done for. Finished. Maybe it will come again. But not for a long time, John, not until the Crooms and I have won and established ourselves against the anarchy of the world."

This is like poetry in that it means what it says and can't be expressed in any other words. One can only say what it doesn't mean: it doesn't mean that Left and Right will come together. The Crooms don't understand; they are shocked as they could not be shocked by, for instance, the Great Purge Trials or the mass starvation of the kulaks. They have no words with which to answer Maxim; their dialectic is in the proper sense of the word materialistic. →

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They are like a modern army bogged down by guerrillas.

Maxim continues remorselessly: "I'm sorry—but we must go hand in hand. Let it be our open secret. You will preach the law for the masses. I will preach the law for the leaders. For the masses, rights and the freedom from blame. For the leaders, duties and nothing but blame, from without and within. We will hate each other and we will make the new world. . . ."

He points his finger at Laskell. "Remember it! It is the last time you will see it. . . . The supreme act of the humanistic critical intelligence—it perceives the cogency of the argument and acquiesces in the fact of its own extinction."

Which leads me to the reason why I find "disapprove" too mild a word for Laskell. On my first reading I merely felt that one ought to choose one side or the other (don't ask me exactly where I stood as a Socialist); on the second reading I have come to believe, without any shadow of qualification, that not to make the choice is worse than weak, worse than cowardly. It is actively wicked. It isn't Communism which will destroy the West, but "the humanistic critical intelligence."

For it is the Laskells with their ingrown belief in the middle way, in the possibility of a dialogue (visualized as a high-school debate in the old style with a silver cup for the winner and handshakes all round) with the Communists, in the continuation of those aspects of capitalism they approve of and the discontinuation of those they don't, who are still in the saddle in the West. And because they acquiesce in the fact of their own extinction, the rest of us will be dragged down to ruin with them. This to me is the most important aspect of *The Middle of the Journey*: it shows us the face of the real enemy, it dramatizes the vital issues of our time.

I MUST BE very careful here. This is my personal view of one aspect of the novel. It isn't necessarily the author's view. Indeed, as far as a novelist can be on the same side as any of his characters, I suspect that Professor Trilling is on Laskell's side. I suspect: I don't know, since this is a novel and not a piece of propaganda. It presents human beings, not arguments. If ever a miracle happens and the threat to the West disappears for all time, then *The Middle of the Journey* will lose none of its interest.

For it is all things to all readers. It so happens that at this precise moment the conflict which it delineates has an especial urgency for me. But in another mood I might well look at it simply as a novel about love. And not merely one kind of love. It could well be read alongside C. S. Lewis' *The Four Loves*; each kind is here.

There is the love that goes under the name of friendship, the love which Laskell has for his friends. There isn't much friendship in modern novels: when it does occur it's a matter of rivalry, domination, or back-slapping comradeship. It seems either to have to be more important, in a sinister kind of way, than in real life, or infinitely less important. Whatever it is, it isn't love. But what Laskell feels for his friends is love, though in the end, as with the Crooms, that love suffers disenchantment.

Then there is the love of simple affection, physical but not sexual, which Laskell feels during his illness for his nurse or even for a rose by his bedside. This trembles on the verge of something higher, as it does with Emily's little daughter. Affection, as C. S. Lewis puts it, is need-love—needing and being needed—and, again, there isn't much of it in modern novels. Perhaps the reason is that most novelists are frightened of being thought sentimental if they depict it as it is, just as they are frightened of being thought homosexual if they depict friendship as it is. A personal note here: when I first read the book, the account of Laskell's love for the child and her death left me comparatively unmoved; this time, the father of four, I couldn't hold back the tears.

His love for Emily is in the first place a visitation by Eros—a sudden and neither unwholesome nor brutal impulse. Apart from her being married, the intellectual gap between them is too great to make a permanent relationship possible. After the child's death, he began to feel guilty about this, to feel that he has used her, so to speak. And in a passage which is one of the few perfect (I don't use the word lightly) ones I have ever read she sets his spirit at rest. From that moment he is, as Gifford Maxim says, "moving in an atmosphere of love. . . . You were freed from guilt —from the immediate guilt of not having loved Emily Caldwell, though you made love to her, for having valued her low, though you liked her and got pleasure and help from her. And from the general guilt of other people's sins, or of their suffering, or of their death. . . ."

This too rises into the higher love, *agape*, the love of God. And this ultimately he must put in the place of Communism. It would be a grotesquely shallow interpretation of the novel if one had to say that in the end Laskell is a changed man. During his illness and his convalescence he has learned something about love. The achievement of *The Middle of the Journey* is that we learn with him. □

Jesus Rediscovered
By Malcolm Muggeridge
Doubleday, $5.95

THE CONVERSION OF MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

JEFFREY HART

In *Surprised by Joy*, C. S. Lewis tells us in some detail about his conversion, and, since he was a complicated person, the process of his conversion was far from simple. Yet at a pivotal moment he had to answer a simple, if overwhelming, question: Was Jesus actually God? He returned to the gospel narrative and one thing struck him forcefully: that the claims made by Jesus would ordinarily be evidence of madness, but that the person who made them here in fact radiated sanity. From this contradiction Lewis deduced that the claims were true. Malcolm Muggeridge's conversion—the subject of this book—is less philosophical than that of Lewis, but equally indebted to a confrontation with the reality represented in the New Testament narratives.

"Each generation of Christians," he writes, "inevitably seeks to fashion its own Christ from the austere figures carved in wood of the early Middle Ages, through the ebullient Renaissance Christs, through the weird efforts of our own time, sometimes clerically sponsored, to devise a Hipster Savior. Yet behind all this there is a real man born, growing up, reaching [illegible] like other men; turning h[illegible] have tried to turn [illegible] means rather tha[illegible] . . . I, too, have [illegible] was like—this ma[illegible] deigned to live [illegible] geridge does ind[illegible] what Christ was [illegible] it memorably and [illegible] vincingly in the op[illegible]

His Christ is, sup[illegible] the teacher of an ethic radically [illegible]erent from the

novel. It presents human beings, not arguments. If ever a miracle happens and the threat to the West disappears for all time, then The Middle of the Journey will lose none of its interest. it is for Professor Trilling's what one would expect ways

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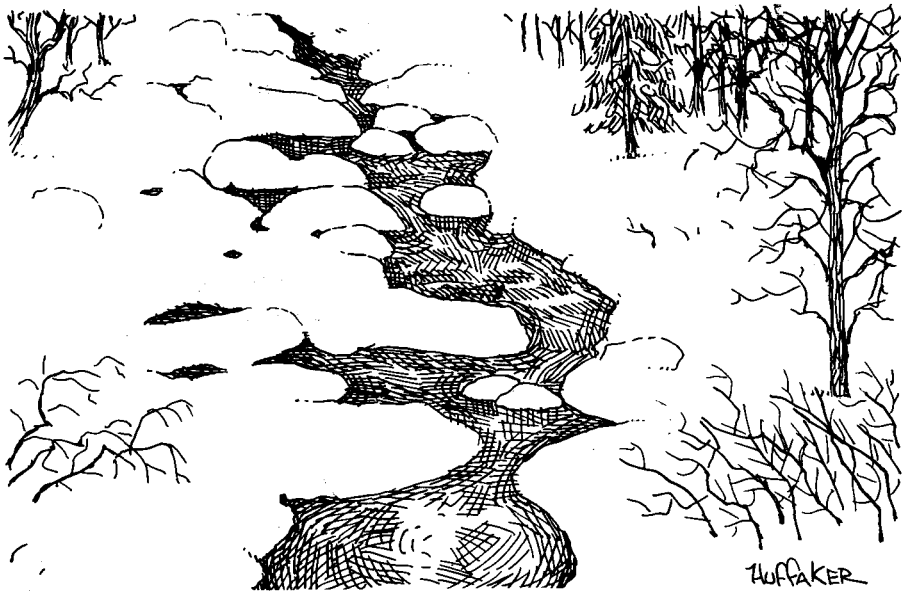

liberalism which informs our decaying sensate culture. Muggeridge has arrived at a "deep dissatisfaction with prevailing contemporary values and assumptions," but he has "an abiding sense, ever more overwhelming in its intensity, that there is an alternative—an alternative that was first propounded two thousand years ago near the Sea of Galilee, was fulfilled on the hill called Golgotha and in the events that followed, and, despite all the villainies and ups and downs of history, has been the glory of two thousand years of Christendom."

MUGGERIDGE'S positive sense of Christ is convincing and moving; equally eloquent is his running denunciation of the shards and butt-ends of liberalism. It is good to have available here his famous "Pot and Pill" sermon, the denunciation of student decadence with which he resigned as Rector of Edinburgh University. There assembled before him were the students, the beneficiaries of liberal enlightenment and of the welfare system, the creative elite, the spearhead of progress, now liberated from the old class system and from tworn moralities. "All is prepared or a marvelous release of youthful creati.ity; we await the great works of art, the high-spirited venturing into new fields of perception and understanding—and what do we get? The resort of any old, slobbering debauché anywhere in the world at any time—dope and bed. The feeling aroused in me by this, I have to confess, is not so much disapproval as contempt, and this, as you may imagine, makes it difficult, in fact impossible, for me as Rector to fulfill my functions."

In passage after passage, Swiftian in their power, Muggeridge hits off the liberal decadence:

> How I envy the historian who, like Gibbon, will look back across the centuries at the hilarious spectacle of Marxist/Christian dialogues attempting to find common ground between the brutal atheism of the *Communist Manifesto* and the Sermon on the Mount, of pious clergymen attaching themselves to enraged mobs shouting for Black Power or Student Power or some other crazed shibboleth, of Anglican bishops in gaiters recommending *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Such lunacy, I assure you, is the despair of professional comedians.

In a way that seems characteristic of at least a prominent strand of English culture, Muggeridge disclaims all theological competence: "Theology is one of those subjects, like algebra and thermodynamics, in which I have never been able to interest myself." This is forthright and disarming, but the attitude it reflects causes some difficulties.

Muggeridge says, for example, that he doesn't know whether the Resurrection actually occurred, and he says on the other hand that Paul's *Epistles* are key works for him; yet Paul in I Corinthians 15 takes a no-nonsense position on the historicity of the Resurrection: "If Christ has not risen, then our preaching is groundless. Worse still, we are convicted of giving false testimony about God." Again, Muggeridge disavows all "institutional Christianity"; yet it is incontestable that the Jesus he so convincingly admires did, in fact, found a church. Neither Paul nor any of the other apostles had any doubt about that.

Finally, it seems to me that in his attitude toward worldly power Muggeridge is sentimental. His conviction that power is at once corrupting and contemptible may reflect his experience of the vast abuses of our own times, or may, as well, be a distant product of his own ancestral low-church puritanism; but surely one implication of the Incarnation is that life is to be lived in the world, and that therefore responsibility must be assumed: which means that power must be accepted and employed in all of its ambiguity. The Christian, to be sure, does not worship power; but neither does he turn the world over to rascals.

These last points, however, do not bear centrally on Muggeridge's position, or on his book—both of which are sound at the core. □

The Mighty Endeavor—American Armed Forces in the European Theater in World War II
By Charles B. MacDonald
Oxford, $12.50

SHARP, CLEAR MILITARY HISTORY

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

The great accomplishment of this book is that it brings within the covers of a single volume a clear, understandable and competent account of the American contribution to decisive Allied victory in Europe in World War II. It answers the basic questions—who? where? when? what? and above all, why?—with admirable precision and in due relation to each other. The author maintains the essential "big picture" treatment, while always able to highlight a vital detail with a verbal magnifier that brings into perspective the relation of the main event to an incident at the patrol level. He is especially conscious of the overriding importance of *time* in the execution of military plans. Your reviewer's sympathetic reaction to this quality in the book may well be due to the fact that he spent a good part of World War I as commander of a rifle company of infantry, which was Mr. MacDonald's job in World War II. It is the most rewarding and, at the same time, the most demanding assignment any soldier can hope for.

Our author has done exhaustive research in preparing his manuscript, for which he has had exceptional oppor-

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tunities in his current duties as Deputy Chief Historian of the Department of the Army. He is accurate, fair and keen-sighted in his comparative assessment of the personal and military qualities of U.S. Army commanders, as well as of their British and German counterparts. Perhaps better than most military historians, he keeps the reader conscious of the burdens imposed on German generals by Hitler's insistence on running the war himself down to the last detail of whether a battalion could be moved from x to z.

It is hardly to be expected that he could be as precise in sizing up Navy and Air Force personalities and viewpoints: for one example, he speaks of the United States Navy's anxiety not to repeat the British World War I disaster at Gallipoli, whereas the Navy was in fact determined to correct the prejudice that Gallipoli had created against amphibious operations, and spared no pains to do so by proving the tremendous value of such operations when competently prepared and commanded.

MR. MACDONALD'S warm and sympathetic understanding of the American Army is, however, the very essence of this book, as reflected in this brief paragraph: "In command of this largest and most powerful American force ever put into battle was a close-knit team reflecting a camaraderie developed in the lean interwar years at West Point, at impoverished stateside posts, and at a few small overseas garrisons. The members displayed a unity of mind born of the branch schools and the Staff College at Fort Leavenworth." That hits the target dead center: without that unity of mind, and without the individual understanding of each other gained from association in peacetime adversity, the tremendous accomplishments of the Army in World War II could not have been possible.

The condensed but accurate description of the wartime organization, doctrine and armament of the U.S. Army in chapter 25 will be most useful to today's reader. Incidentally, the author's fine tribute to the tough soldierly campaign of the First Canadian Army in clearing the sea-approaches to Antwerp will be much appreciated by Canadian veterans, some of whom felt that United States military writers have tended to ignore this most valuable contribution to victory.

Our author will not, however, get full marks from General de Gaulle, whom he refers to as a *Général de Division* (three stars), whereas it has been the outward and visible sign of de Gaulle's humility always to wear only the two stars of a *Général de Brigade*, the highest rank to which he is properly entitled (though of course he could have changed all that if he wanted to). □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL, *Vol. 3, 1944-1969* (*Simon and Schuster,$8.95*). This autobiography began with a bang, and has, alas, ended with a whimper that is often more silly than sad. That the author of *Principia Mathematica* should end up sponsoring one of the most amusing kangaroo courts this side of *Alice in Wonderland* is almost beyond belief; and yet that is how the present volume ends, a sad punctuation to the life of a once great philosopher. Like Russell's life, the autobiography begins, in the first volume, with great promise, and gradually pales from that point onward. The present volume is essentially a collection of letters, usually letters of protest, to the World's Great Men. Some of the letters are interesting, most are dull. We learn, for example, that Russell's famous remark about dropping a nuclear bomb on the Soviet Union was made in passing. Russell cannot understand why a remark so casually made should arouse such excitement among his critics. It has been noted by one of those critics that only Bertie Russell could have made such a remark so casually, in passing. Indeed, only Bertie Russell could have written this book. He is the last of the great Whig aristocrats, and every page he has ever written, every statement he has ever made related to politics, is saturated with the spirit of Whiggism. One of my favorite illustrations in the book is a cartoon published in the *London Evening Standard* at the time of Russell's incarceration for taking part in a ban-the-bomb protest in 1961. The cartoon depicts Russell and three exceedingly stupid convicts being confronted by a policeman after an unsuccessful attempt to break out of jail. "Who's the brains behind this?" asks the cop. The answer, Russell would have us believe, is Russell. He protests against those who accuse him of senility, arguing that he has never felt better in his life. For my part I would like to think that he is not the brains behind the final portion of his life, for if he is, he has made an awful botch of it. P. P. WITONSKI

THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE, *by Theodore Roszak (Doubleday, $7.95).* The first two chapters attempt to explain why there's a New Left, the following eight consist mainly of essays on essays by flaky types like Marcuse with a pitch at the end for magic as the solution to all social evils. Honest. Magic. So wait for the paperback. And when you get it, tear out the last eight chapters and keep the first two, not because they'll tell you anything sensible but because they offer a fascinating look at another kinky academic mind. Roszak loves the kids. The movement, he says, stands for individual freedom, the New Left battling the dragons of the Technocracy, those damned managerial elitists, all marching in lockstep to the tune played by the nameless leaders of that shadowy conspiracy, the Military-Industrial Complex, the current leftist equivalent of the Elders of Zion. And to an academic, an extension of the age-old conflict between pure professors and conspiring administrators. Roszak recognizes that the New Leftists want to overthrow society. And he approves. He approves so heartily, in fact, that one wants to suggest that he resign his professorial sinecure, take off his shoes, put on the love beads, and make the street scene. But he can't do that. The kids, he tells us, need the guidance of "mature minds." Translated, this means that Professor Roszak will continue to pick up that check, continue to sit on his duff in that comfortable faculty office, and continue to encourage kids to rip down the institution that shelters him. Come the revolution, everyone will be purged. Especially those administrators. Everyone, of course, but silly academic abstractionist revolutionaries. Without college professors, after all, how would the kids get indoctrinated? J. R. COYNE JR.

THE BLIND BEAUTY, *by Boris Pasternak, translated by Manya Harari and Max Hayward* (*Harcourt, $3.95*). "It will be so important," Pasternak said of this play, "I want to put my entire soul into it." He died when *The Blind Beauty* was half done, and the finished fragment, printed here, has none of the promise of his expectation. Max Hayward introduces it by giving the outline for the whole work, a melodramatic and symbolic story, spanning all social classes and fifty years of nineteenth-century Russia. A play within the play and a conversation involving an actor and a writer (these scenes never written) would have allowed Pasternak to set down his deepest thoughts about art and life. All this, Pasternak hoped to render dramatically in "realistic verisimilitude." The fragment is nothing more than historical detail, a setting for ideas still to come. Combined with the outline for the rest, it made me think of Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean*, a revelation of Ibsen's "entire soul" that audiences invariably find a crashing bore. Metaphysics, however grand, cannot succeed as "realistic" drama unless they are grounded in real men in action. As drama, *The Blind Beauty* would have failed; as ideas it might have held our interest, but then the ideas belonged to the half we shall never possess.

P. P. ARDERY JR.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[FRANK L.] KLUCKHON: [THE] MAN WHO KEPT THE PEACE

When Mikoyan was en route home from Washington, one engine of his plane caught fire and it was lucky to make it to the U.S. Argentian base in Newfoundland. Quipped Dulles about the Soviet vice-premier, "Maybe he won't yell so loud about our overseas bases from now on."

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DELECTATIONS

(Continued from page 1221)

the batter, beating energetically and thoroughly. Beat the egg whites until they stand in stiff peaks and fold them gently into the batter. Thoroughly grease and flour a 9-inch tube pan. Pour the batter into it evenly. Bang the pan on the kitchen table a couple of times to let air in the batter escape, avoiding holes in the baked cake. Bake for about 45 minutes or until a cake tester, skewer or toothpick, or even a *clean* broom straw inserted in the cake comes out clean. Hang the pan upside down from a bottle so that it can cool on all sides. Dust the cake with confectioners' sugar before serving. □

O Sunflower, weary of Time
Who countest the
steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet
golden chime
Where the traveler's
journey is done.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1200)

mary of 1960 in a field of six; my aim was to take on Senator Paul Douglas in the general election, but I lost by a narrow margin in the primary. Senator Dirksen ran in 1964.

Let me make it emphatically clear, as you should know, that I would never run against Ev Dirksen under any circumstances. It was my fond hope as the junior senator from Illinois, to learn the intricacies of Senate leadership at the feet of that incomparable parliamentary master.

Now I am running in the March 17, 1970 primary against Ralph Smith, who was appointed to succeed Ev Dirksen.

Lake Forest, Ill. WILLIAM H. RENTSCHLER

The remnant may still live [*NR*, Oct. 8], but *not* in Is. 1:9. Actually, the passage in question is found in Is. 10:22. Both these verses are cited in quick succession in Rom. 9:27 and 9:29. I suggest that you took your text from Rom. 9 and read one footnote for the other.

The *New York Times* has recently refused to correct several errors that I have called to their attention or even to acknowledge various letters on the subject. I trust that NATIONAL REVIEW will set them a good example to follow.

Jersey City, N.J. GEORGE F. MONAHAN

Actually, we're both right, according to the King James version. Funny—we've had the same problem with the Times. —ED.

For the first time since I have been subscribing to NATIONAL REVIEW, I found myself disagreeing with you. As a rule, I take great comfort from your magazine; you and your staff express what I believe in so much better than I can.

I must disagree vehemently with the way you criticized Vice President Agnew ["On the Right, Nov. 8]. His style and ability as a speaker may not measure up to your standards, but he got results: What more could anyone ask?

We have waited too long for someone in a high public office to show the courage Vice President Agnew did. It was vastly unfair of you to shoot him down for anything so relatively unimportant as his grammar.

Penacook, N.H. MARIE I. TAYLOR

See NR, *same issue, next page; see also this issue, pp. 1220 and 1235.* —ED.

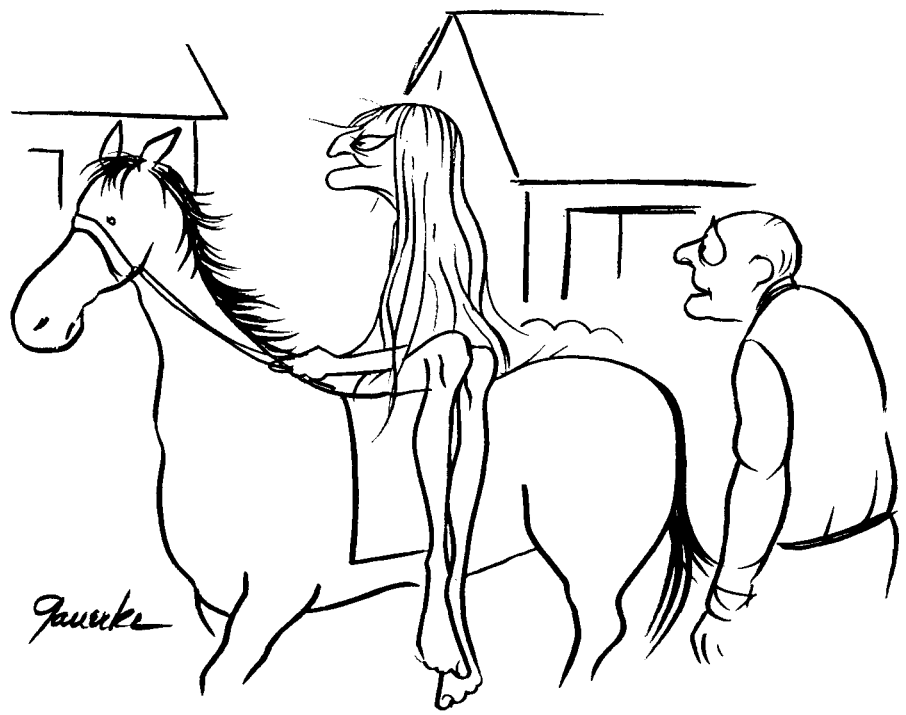
In his enumeration of Catholic films ["What Is a Catholic Film?" *NR*, Nov. 4], Farley Clinton does not even mention *A Man For All Seasons*. Whether evaluated by its subject, or by its standards, values, "message," surely this is a Catholic film; it also is an excellent film, perhaps a great one—in short, a great Catholic film. Too bad Mr. Clinton seems to remember such a lot of *kitsch*, and to ignore this beautiful work of cinematic art.

New York, N.Y. NORBERT MUHLEN

I think your anti-Moratorium buttons are outstanding—a real service! How about a button for all us Spirophiles and media-phobes?

Ellettsville, Ind. CYRUS BINDLE

See p. 1209; keep watching NR *for further buttons.* —ED.



"Can't you just write our congressman to protest the surtax, Barbara?"

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

They Are Going to Do It

New York, Nov. 10—It is the supreme irony of the Court's decision that some white families will now emigrate from the South in order to place their children in segregated schools. I have in mind a specific example, a Southerner from Greenville, Mississippi, whose salary is $11,000 and who believes that integration of the schools will diminish the quality of public education for his children. At $11,000, he cannot afford private schools: so he will go north, where the movement to integrate the schools started, and he will find no difficulty in establishing himself where de facto segregation survives, unruffled by Supreme Court decisions.

On the other hand, the mood of the South is not by any means mutinous. They saw it coming, with that inexorability which a people come to experience who know deceit and adversity. As a political matter, it is not likely that the Supreme Court's decision will drive the bitter-enders into the arms of Wallace. The reason is that they know that President Nixon, and Mr. Finch, and the Attorney General, all of them counseled and sought out a little more time. The Supreme Court said no brusquely, quite ambiguously. So, what would President Wallace have done? Impeach Warren Burger?

The South has been to Appomattox before, and knows the name of the game, and isn't disposed to believe that it has been victimized by a grand stratagem of Tricky Dick. The unanimous decision of the Warren Court in 1954 may well have been, as some of us believe, bad law and bad sociology. But it was always inconceivable that so fundamental a finding could be eroded by judicial temporizing. When the Court said that the dual school system should be terminated with all deliberate speed, it was inevitable that the stress would sooner or later move away from the modifier, "deliberate."

The political repercussions are not, then, likely to be pronounced, inasmuch as the South recognizes that the Supreme Court has moved at its own deliberate speed, independently of a new President who, in fact, had just recently designated a new Chief Justice. The repercussions will be of another nature.

The school system, integrated, may benefit in part from the benevolent consequences of the public accommodations law: it won't be so bad as many expect it. But there are differences. Commerce is a great regulator, the sublimest instrument of egalitarianism. The motel owner who had grudgingly to accept Negro patronage, found himself enjoying the dollars, and his motel unaffected by the presence of a few Negroes. The school situation is tougher. In Greenville, Mississippi, for instance, there is very little organized black pressure for integrated schools. The old battle cry has lost its resonance, confused by the more modern-sounding calls for black power, black pride, black unity. And then too, the Negro teachers wonder about their security in an integrated school system. Won't the school boards prefer white over against the black teachers?

What of the 5 to 10 per cent of the affluent whites who will either leave town or set up private schools? What will that do to the standing of the public schools? There are areas, small areas in America, where the affluent, as a matter of course, send their children to private schools. But these are rare. Even so, the private school population is growing. Washington, D.C. has always served as the Rose Bowl of hypocrisy, the place where integration became an institutionalized national goal, even as its own schools became *pari passu* segregated, as the entire white population moved its children out, wave after wave of them, after each civil rights bill passed triumphantly through Congress.

It is a pity, perhaps even a tragedy, that the great reconciliations which the early integrators foresaw as the inevitable result of social integration are unlikely. The South will have to let matters take their course. And the best elements of the South will bear in mind that no hardship visited on it by Northern egalitarians or judicial ideologues warrants retaliation against Negro school children. The specter of New Orleans a few years ago, where the tricoteuses expressed themselves against the Supreme Court by spitting on Negro school girls, will haunt the American memory for generations after the sins of Earl Warren are finally bleached by time. □

IN RE BOBBY SEALE

New York, Nov. 14—One runs into a lot of sympathy for Bobby Seale here and there, based on the judicial melodrama of the past ten days. It is largely uninformed.

1. The right to defend oneself in court is fairly well established, though not absolutely so. In certain cases, I am informed, a judge may rule that a defendant is simply incompetent to defend himself, and appoint an attorney to do the job over the objections of the defendant. An obvious example would be the defendant who is not quite there, say Rudolph Hess at Nuremberg.

The right to defend oneself is, however, interpreted within the context of other considerations. Like most rights, it is capable of being abused. A defendant may not change his mind all the time, deciding Monday that he wants John to defend him, Tuesday that he wants James to defend him, Wednesday that he wants to defend himself, and so on. The judge is entitled to interpret the defendant's request with reference to other factors that go into the making of a trial.

In the Bobby Seale case, one of these factors was the existence of a half-dozen other defendants in the joint federal action. To have granted Seale's request for a postponement of the trial meant either to sever his trial from that of the other defendants, or to postpone the whole business until Mr. Garry's gallstones (Seale wanted Garry, but Garry was busy with gallstones in San Francisco) were appeased.

2. The attorneys representing the defendants are well known and skilful, so that no reasonable observer can conclude that Bobby Seale would be better off defending himself. Indeed, no lawyer would want to go out on a limb and say that Mr. Garry of San Francisco is necessarily a better attorney than Mr. Kunstler of New York. To take such a position, you understand, is a way of saying that the other seven defendants are being inadequately represented.

3. Judge Hoffman does not appear to be a very wise man. Granted he had to do something to restrain Bobby Seale. Trials require a certain minimal cooperation by the defendant. A few

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years ago in Washington, a defendant attempted to distract the court's attention by the simple expedient of disrobing. Finally an exasperated judge ordered him wrapped in blankets and shackled to the chair. The case was appealed, and the action of the judge sustained.

WHAT JUDGE HOFFMAN has done, of course, is to act as straight man for the symbolistic strategy of Bobby Seale, the plot of which is the white authoritarian's reduction of the Negro once again to slavery, complete with the paraphernalia of shackles and gag. Now Judge Hoffman did not have all that many alternatives, let us grant. Either the trial goes on, or pandemonium goes on. It was Mr. Seale's purpose to create the pandemonium and Judge Hoffman's responsibility to proceed with the trial. He should have thought of a more resourceful solution. Surely a closed circuit television camera would have permitted Seale to sit in an adjacent room, witnessing the proceedings, and available to the jury for questioning when the proper button was pushed: but otherwise outside the court's earshot.

4. Judge Hoffman does not seem to realize that Seale is engaged in traditional revolutionary strategy. He is attempting to talk over the heads of the officials of the courtroom to his grander constituency, the revolutionary class in America. It is comforting to suppose that that is a very lean following. But Seale has got great attention, and at the expense, much of it, of the prestige of American institutions, and the resilience and ingenuity of American judges.

Bobby Seale may have succeeded in intruding enough extraneous and distracting considerations into the trial to cause an impatient reviewing court to simply throw it out on appeal. It would take months and months to put it back on the judicial road. Meanwhile, lots of time for good riotous moratoria.

5. And how many people meanwhile think of Bobby Seale as the gentleman who has been indicted for torturing and murdering a defector from the Black Panther movement? Not the people I run into, who tut-tut about his treatment at the hands of Simon Legree Hoffman. □

AGNEW ON TV

New York, Nov. 22—Mr. Agnew's criticism of the television networks is the most serious act of lèse majesté since the Mayor of Chicago threatened to punch the King of England in the snout. The responses ranged from panic through apoplexy. Dr. Frank Stanton of CBS has accused Mr. Agnew of making "an unprecedented attempt to intimidate a news medium"—which suggests that fairness could only be effected by intimidation, which, come to think of it, maybe is so over at CBS. Mr. Leonard Goldenson of ABC reports that "the performance of ABC news has always been, and will continue to be, fair and objective," in sickness and in health, till death do us part. Mr. Thomas Hoving, in behalf of the National Citizens' Committee for Broadcasting, whatever that is, sounded like, well, Agnew on the subject of demonstrators. "Agnew's disgraceful attack against network television news officially leads us as a nation into an ugly era of the most fearsome suppression and intimidation . . . the beginning of the end for us as a nation . . . [his] terrible and fraudulent evaluation . . . [is] the most shocking use ever of political power," which suggests that Mr. Hoving's readings in history are not as extensive as his readings in art.

Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Agnew wrote a very good speech. It was, moreover, a balanced speech. He praised much of what the networks have done as extravagantly as if he were nominating them for President. But he said that the networks are also given to much bias. Specifically, he homed in on the elaborate rebuttal—that in effect was what it was—given to Mr. Nixon's Vietnam speech of November 3. How, for instance, do you cope with the following analogy used by Mr. Agnew: "When President Kennedy rallied the nation in the Cuban missile crisis, his address to the people was not chewed over by a round table of critics who disparaged the course of action he'd asked America to follow." That's true. In plain fact, on the night of October 22, 1962, the networks didn't chew up every word of Mr. Kennedy's speech into its constituent atoms. And again: "When Winston Churchill rallied public opinion to stay the course against Hitler's Germany, he didn't have to contend with a gaggle of commentators raising doubts about whether he was riding public opinion right, or whether Britain had the stamina to see the war through."

So then what? It may be too late to revive Mr. Hoving, but in fact Agnew said: "I want to make myself perfectly clear. I'm not asking for government censorship or any other kind of censorship." So much for that particular steer. "I am asking," he said, "whether a form of censorship already exists when the news that forty million Americans receive each night is determined by a handful of men" who (and they'll never get over this charge, aimed at the Medici of cosmopolitan New York) "bask in their own provincialism, their own parochialism."

What is the intimidation that Dr. Stanton speaks of? The Federal Communications Commission already has something it calls the "Fairness Doctrine," under which the powers of the government are brought in to guarantee to individuals, under certain circumstances, the right to reply to attacks made upon them. Congress already has a law or two on the general subject, for instance, the equal time provisions. Neither the congressional law nor the FCC provisions in fact make a lot of practical sense, and they are difficult and awkward to administer. But the remedy is one thing, another is to state the problem. Is there in fact a discernible and regular bias in network news and commentary? Agnew, giving one or two illustrations, says that there is. Mr. Goldenson of ABC says flatly that there isn't, at least not on his network. How do we knows? How do we find out?

IT HAPPENS that a very little foundation in New York City, the Historical Research Foundation, has made a few grants to investigators who, after consulting with specialists in the evaluation of polls and public opinion, have been very hard at work analyzing the bias in the coverage of the Presidential campaign of 1968. I am not aware that Mr. Agnew knows of this project. But it is far and away the most thorough and the most nearly scientific of any that has ever been attempted. The results will not be released until the research is complete. But already one thing is stunningly clear. It is that the news and the commentary were overwhelmingly favorable, by any criterion, to the Democratic candidate.

And just whom does that surprise? The people in television are a part of what Jeffrey Hart has dubbed the "intellectual communications complex." Why should their prejudice differ from their brothers' in the Academy? They conduct a poll in October 1968 among the faculty of academic freedom-loving dialogue-addicted Princeton University, and the poll shows that Humphrey is favored by the faculty with about 65 per cent of the vote and, running neck-and-neck, with about 7 per cent of the faculty vote, are: Nixon and Dick Gregory.

What Agnew has said is: This is the factual situation. What are we going to do about it? Not eat CBS, and force its roasted flesh on Mr. Hoving for breakfast. But force CBS, by the pressure of public opinion, and NBC, and ABC, to take a look at their own situation, and ask themselves, what can the public legitimately demand from an oligopoly? A good question. A good speech. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A region long disputed between Chile and Peru — 16 41 62 157 162 181 194 4 74 90

B. What some Friends are (some of my best Friends are Quakers) — 25 89 138 105 163 1 171 135

C. Would a Cambridge man wear this? — 28 189 66 12 104 123 146 43 166 173

D. This plus WORD K belonged to Belgium, then Germany, then Belgium again — 50 124 84 5 130 95 55

E. Indifferent to tradition — 33 68 85 10 76 97 150 141 176

F. A convolvulaceous plant — 45 165 114 128 144 190 31 3 9 22 29

G. This plus WORD H belonged to Germany, then France, then Germany again, then France again — 47 131 11 191 98 69

H. See WORD G — 64 80 179 182 100 87 19 142

I. Workmanship that shows skill or excellence in execution — 6 30 36 61 70 86 54 42

J. An item not needed by Shaw, Sheen, or the hippies — 91 152 13 57 7 159 169

K. See WORD D — 106 175 82 193 34

L. A forty-hour period of time for many — 129 83 153 168 102 58 186 177

M. A desire or liking for something — 149 59 140 183 24 14 187 8

N. An excessive discharge of mucus from the nose — 167 23 73 2 18 107 134 155 164 188

O. A seaport which d'Annunzio seized in 1919 — 32 99 77 46 51

P. At a distance from the coast — 65 81 120 108 113 35 136 26

Q. Team that defeated the Black Sox — 111 38 78 56

R. Part of Romania, formerly part of Hungary — 121 39 44 94 96 192 72 52 63 143 145 156

S. Highly successful and aggressive — 127 103 60 147 158 110 184

T. Joseph's younger son — 137 115 185 170 15 21 148

U. Unscramble T WITH CHIPS — 20 37 75 27 180 126 139 154 161 172

V. Bonelike — 71 160 67 178 116 17 48

W. An arm of the Antarctic Ocean — 118 122 174 195 92 79 93

X. What a football player might kick with — 101 49 109 112 132 117 119 151

Y. To become decomposed — 40 53 88 133 125

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1232 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

1 B	2 N	3 F	4 A	5 D	6 I	7 J	8 M	■	9 F	10 E	11 G	12 C	13 J	14 M	15 T	16 A	17 V
18 N	19 H	■	20 U	21 T	22 F	23 N	■	24 M	25 B	26 P	■	27 U	28 C	29 F	30 I	■	31 F
32 O	■	33 E	34 K	35 P	36 I	37 U	38 Q	39 R	■	40 Y	41 A	42 I	■	43 C	44 R	45 F	■
46 O	47 G	48 V	49 X	■	50 D	51 O	■	52 R	53 Y	54 I	55 D	■	56 Q	57 J	58 L	59 M	60 S
61 I	62 A	63 R	64 H	■	65 P	66 C	■	67 V	68 E	69 G	■	70 I	71 V	72 R	73 N	74 A	75 U
76 E	77 O	78 Q	79 W	■	80 H	81 P	■	82 K	83 L	84 D	85 E	86 I	87 H	88 Y	89 B	90 A	91 J
92 W	■	93 W	94 R	95 D	■	96 R	97 E	98 G	99 O	100H	101X	■	102L	103S	104C	105B	106K
107N	108P	■	109X	110S	111Q	■	112X	113P	114F	■	115T	116V	117X	118W	■	119X	120P
■	121R	122W	123C	124D	125Y	■	126U	127S	128F	■	129L	130D	131G	132X	133Y	134N	135B
■	136P	137T	138B	139U	140M	141E	142H	143R	144F	■	145R	146C	■	147S	148T	149M	150E
151X	152J	153L	■	154U	155N	156R	157A	■	158S	159J	160V	■	161U	162A	163B	164N	■
165F	166C	167N	168L	169J	170T	■	171B	172U	173C	■	174W	175K	176E	177L	178V	179H	180U
■	181A	182H	183M	■	184S	185T	186L	■	187M	188N	189C	190F	191G	192R	193K	194A	195W

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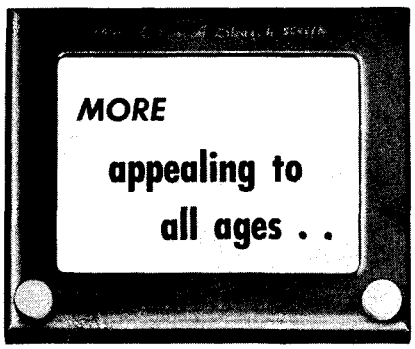

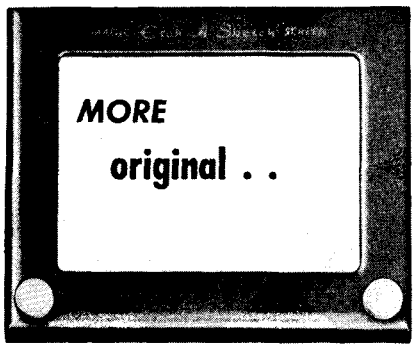

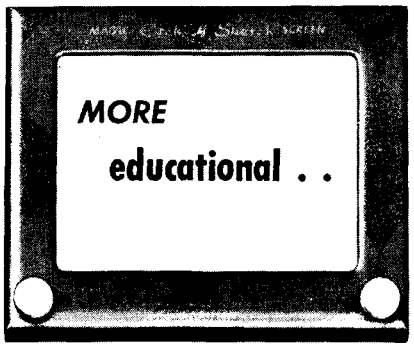

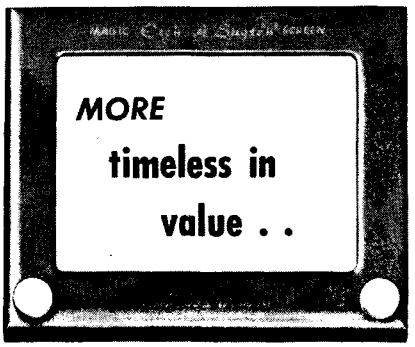

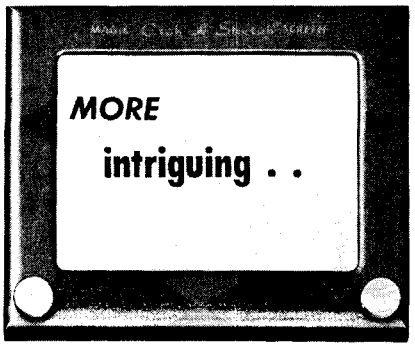

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